

# THE RUBIROSA MURDER CASE

PDC

# Confidential

UNCENSORED AND OFF THE RECORD

July 25¢



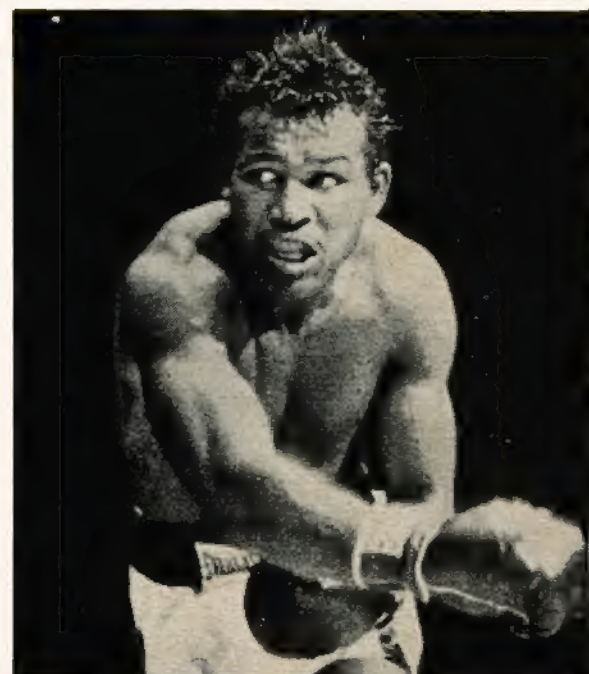
... Pop Wants Grandchildren, NOT Grand Opera!



The Skeletons in  
Red Skelton's Closet



Why the Mob Protects  
Bobo Rockefeller



When Sugar Ray Faced  
a Madman with a .45!



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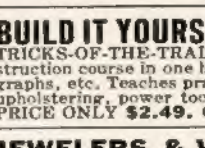
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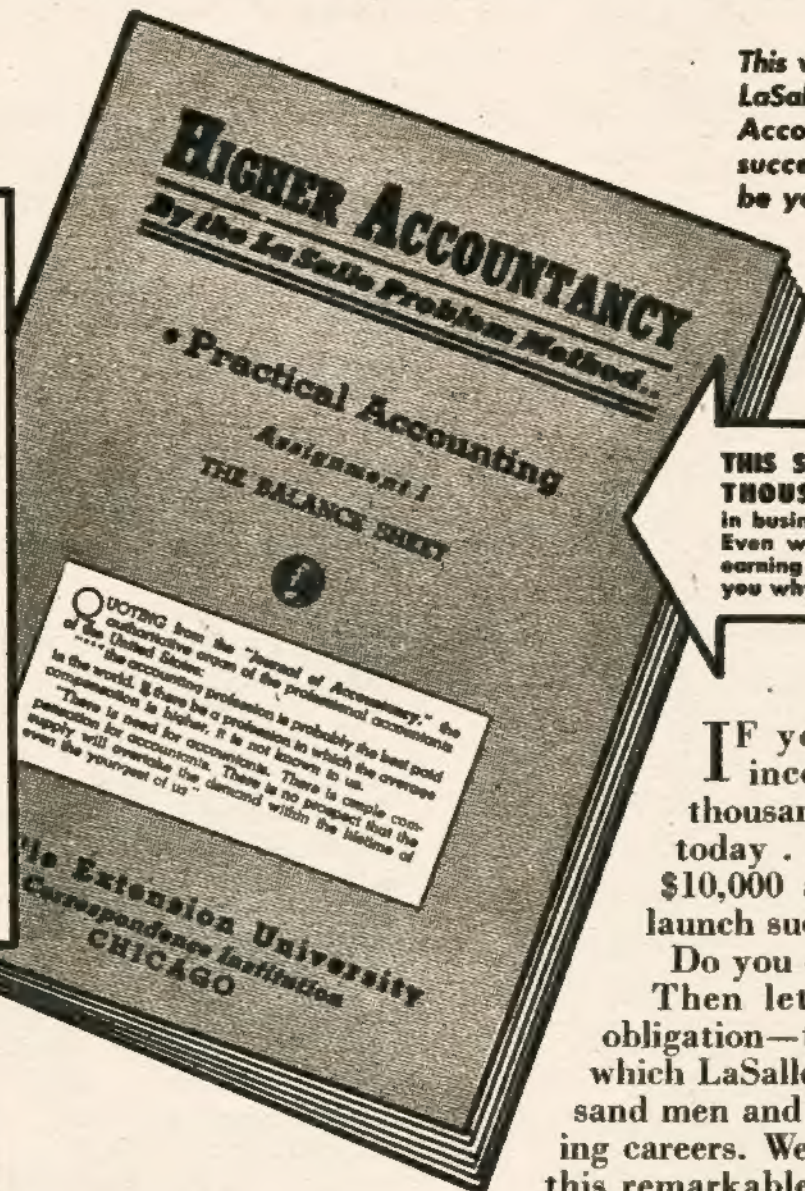
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# Confidentially speaking....

## RUBIROSA AND MURDER

New York's police blotter also bears the Rubirosa name, so familiar to the headlines. Our Jay Williams dug deep in the secret files for the shocking details told, for the first time, in "The Rubirosa Murder Case."

## IS MAGGIE GIVING LOVE A "FAIR DEAL?"

Daisies supposedly won't tell, but Truxton Decatur spills plenty in his gossipy account of "Maggie Truman's Problem: Pop Wants Grandchildren, Not Grand Opera." Far from the least of Mag's quandaries is the fact that the fellows who once proposed to her are no longer around, while the one she'd like to march down the aisle just won't ask that question!

## FLAT SWEATERS? CALL A DOCTOR

A girl doesn't have to hang her upholstery in a closet any more, not if she has from \$500 on up to buy the curves nature forgot to give her. In her clinic's close-up of "Operation Hollywood: Custom-Tailored Bosoms," Audrey Minor not only tells about bosom build-ups but which young and not-so-young stars buy 'em.

## THE CRIME NO ONE DARES COMMIT

It's time to sit up and take notice when the nation's crime overlords join any program to prevent crime! But they've turned as vigilant as the FBI in a case unofficially titled "Why The Mob Protects Bobo Rockefeller." Jim Doherty's startling report tells some things even Bobo never knew till now.

## WHEN F.D.R. MUZZLED GOV. EARLE

Earle had the lowdown on how the Russians planned to double-cross us when World War II was over, but for trying to sound the alarm, he found himself banished to the Far Pacific. Alan Courtney and crack political expert Howard Rushmore serve up the Red-hot facts in "When Roosevelt Exiled Gov. Earle to Samoa."

## THE "PARTY" SOCIETY TRIES TO FORGET

The Duchess of Windsor may think Woolworth heir Jimmy Donahue's quite a card but he was just another wild deuce to the D.A. He wanted to know what went on at an all-boy frolic which ended with one guest in the hospital, under treatment for unmentionable abuses. What Jimmy and his gay chums got out of telling a grand jury is told, exactly as it happened, in Hewitt Van Horn's sizzler, "Jimmy Donahue's Hush-Hush Secret."

## HAS THAT B-A-A-D BOY GONE TOO FAR?

That "California dew" isn't half the menace to Hollywood traffic that Red Skelton creates when he projects spicy movies out his window onto garage walls. That's only one of "The Skeletons in Red Skelton's Closet," as recounted by Alfred Garvey, suggesting Red's taking his "Guzzler's Gin" routine just a little too far.

— THE EDITORS

# Confidential

UNCENSORED AND OFF THE RECORD

Volume 2, No. 3

July, 1954

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NO FICTION — ALL FACT!

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- ☐ Construction Engineering
- ☐ Highway Engineering
- ☐ Reading Struct. Blueprints
- ☐ Sanitary Engineering
- ☐ Structural Engineering
- ☐ Surveying and Mapping
- DRAFTING**
- ☐ Aircraft Drafting
- ☐ Architectural Drafting
- ☐ Electrical Drafting
- ☐ Mechanical Drafting
- ☐ Mine Surveying and Mapping
- ☐ Ship Drafting
- ☐ Structural Drafting
- ELECTRICAL**
- ☐ Electrical Engineering
- ☐ Electrical Maintenance
- ☐ Electrician ☐ Contracting
- ☐ Lineman
- HIGH SCHOOL**
- ☐ Commercial
- ☐ Good English
- ☐ High School Subjects
- ☐ Mathematics

### LEADERSHIP

- ☐ Foremanship
- ☐ Industrial Supervision
- ☐ Leadership and Organization
- ☐ Personnel-Labor Relations
- MECHANICAL AND SHOP**
- ☐ Gas—Electric Welding
- ☐ Heat Treatment ☐ Metallurgy
- ☐ Industrial Engineering
- ☐ Industrial Instrumentation
- ☐ Industrial Supervision
- ☐ Machine Design-Drafting
- ☐ Machine Shop Inspection
- ☐ Machine Shop Practice
- ☐ Mechanical Engineering
- ☐ Quality Control
- ☐ Reading Shop Blueprints
- ☐ Refrigeration
- ☐ Sheet Metal Worker
- ☐ Tool Design ☐ Toolmaking
- RADIO, TELEVISION**
- ☐ Electronics
- ☐ Practical Radio—TV Eng'ng
- ☐ Radio and TV Servicing
- ☐ Radio Operating
- ☐ Television—Technician

### RAILROAD

- ☐ Air Brakes ☐ Car Inspector
- ☐ Diesel Locomotive
- ☐ Locomotive Engineer
- ☐ Section Foreman
- STEAM AND DIESEL POWER**
- ☐ Combustion Engineering
- ☐ Diesel—Elec. ☐ Diesel Eng's
- ☐ Electric Light and Power
- ☐ Stationary Fireman
- ☐ Stationary Steam Engineering
- TEXTILE**
- ☐ Carding and Spinning
- ☐ Cotton, Rayon, Woolen Mfg.
- ☐ Finishing and Dyeing
- ☐ Loom Fixing
- ☐ Textile Designing
- ☐ Textile Eng'ng ☐ Throwing
- ☐ Warping and Weaving
- MISCELLANEOUS**
- ☐ Domestic Refrigeration
- ☐ Marine Engineering
- ☐ Ocean Navigation
- ☐ Shipfitting
- ☐ Short Story Writing
- ☐ Telephony

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_ Home Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Working Hours \_\_\_\_\_ A.M. to P.M. \_\_\_\_\_

Occupation \_\_\_\_\_

Canadian residents send coupon to International Correspondence Schools, Canadian, Ltd., Montreal, Canada. . . . Special tuition rates to members of the U. S. Armed Forces.





# Only 25¢ Puts This

**DON'T WAIT UNTIL TROUBLES HIT YOU!**



**COULD YOU USE \$100.00 A MONTH?  
COULD YOUR FAMILY USE \$5,000.00?**

If so, within the next few days, at no obligation to you, we will mail for your inspection, the Sickness and Accident Policy with Hospital Benefits being issued now at the low cost of only \$1.00 a month—just 3c a day.

In order to make this Sickness and Accident Policy available to almost everyone we are making the first monthly premium especially nominal. Twenty-five cents (25c) will not only put your policy in force, but also pays for the first month.

You are not limited to just a few kinds of sicknesses or a few kinds of accidents. If you are totally disabled and regularly attended by a physician as the result of an accident you do not have to be house confined to collect accident benefits. You get paid highest possible benefits for certain confining sicknesses and accidents. Yes, you get benefits from the first day of medical attention . . .

whether disabled for a day, a week or two months, for sickness originating 30 days after policy is issued.

**COMPARE OUR POLICY WITH ANY OTHER.** We have done so—and we believe our \$1-a-Month Sickness and Accident Policy is the **BIGGEST INSURANCE VALUE IN AMERICA!** You can see this policy without risk or obligation. Yes, we want you to see it with your own eyes, in your own home and at your own convenience.

Don't wait until trouble hits YOU . . . YES, TODAY OR TOMORROW IT COULD BE YOU! It will take you but a few minutes to fill out the simple application blank and enclose only a quarter (25c) in the self-addressed postage-paid envelope. Mail yours **RIGHT NOW** while you have this opportunity, SO THERE WILL BE NO CHANCE FOR REGRETS.

## Read the Protection Features of This Policy

- YOU GET** protection for accident, sickness and accidental death — all for one low price.
- YOU GET** \$100.00 a month if disabled by certain accidents from very first day of medical attention.
- YOU GET** \$71.00 to \$100.00 a month if laid up from very first day of certain confining sicknesses.
- YOU GET** \$100.00 a month if you go to a hospital for accidental injury or certain sicknesses.
- YOU GET** \$5,000.00 for loss of limbs or sight in a common carrier accident.
- YOU GET** CASH protection FOR YOUR FAMILY, TOO, in case of travel accidental death up to \$5,000.00.

↓ Full Explanation of These Benefits Is Contained Below ↓

## Here's SICKNESS and ACCIDENT INSURANCE That All America CAN AFFORD!

**Here's What This Policy Pays You For Only \$1.00 a Month**

**\$10000 A MONTH  
IF DISABLED BY ACCIDENT**

payable from the very first day of medical attention at the rate of \$25.00 per week for a maximum of ten weeks if caused by a great many specified accidents such as while traveling on trains or in private automobiles or as a pedestrian.

**\$7100 to \$10000 A MONTH  
IF LAID UP BY SICKNESS**

originating 30 days after issue of policy. Payable from the first day of medical examination at the rate of \$30.00 per month for the first week, at the rate of \$60.00 per month for the second week and at the rate of \$100.00 per month for the remaining period up to eight weeks, if sickness is caused by certain diseases, including pneumonia, appendicitis, phlebitis, nephritis, cancer, diabetes, goitre and many others.

**\$10000 A MONTH  
IF YOU GO TO HOSPITAL**

for any accident or for certain sicknesses as shown in previous paragraph for a maximum of six weeks, payable at the rate of \$25.00 a week from the very first day of confinement. This benefit in lieu of other benefits in the policy.

**\$500000 ACCUMULATING TO \$750000**

**For Accidental Loss of Life, Hands, Feet or Eyes**

These benefits are payable for accidental death or accidents occurring in the wrecking of a common carrier. All travel accident benefits for loss of LIFE, SIGHT or LIMBS automatically increase 10% a year for five years. Thus the \$5,000.00 benefit increases each year so that after the fifth year the benefit has risen to 50% more, or a total of \$7,500.00. This accumulating feature is provided for all policy holders without additional cost.

**Read the Wonderful Benefit Features That You Receive in This Policy**

### ★ Accidental Disability Benefits

You get paid in the event of total disability as the result of numerous travel accidents including many types of other accidents.

### ★ Accidental Death Indemnity

Your beneficiary will receive a death benefit if you lose your life within 30 days from the date of any accident in or out of business, with larger benefits resulting from travel accidents, described on page two of this ad.

### ★ Confining Sickness Disability Benefits

You get paid for confining sickness caused by common diseases. These payments help defray the expense of illnesses—send application today and be protected.

### ★ Hospital Benefits for Any Accident or Certain Sicknesses

You get hospital benefits for any accident and many types of sicknesses. Think of it—only \$1.00 a month gives you this extraordinary protection.

### ★ Guaranteed Renewable by the Policyholder

The company agrees to continue the policy in force, if you pay the premiums before due date, until age 70, and cannot cancel you out as many companies do, although you have suffered a serious sickness or accident before the termination age.



# SICKNESS and ACCIDENT POLICY In Force For 1 FULL MONTH!



HE IS THE ONLY ONE WHO WILL CALL ON YOU • NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION • NOW CLAIMS ARE PAID PROMPTLY BY MAIL

GUARANTEE RESERVE has more than 400,000 policyholders in all 48 states enjoying the advantages of doing business by mail. Your friendly mailman will bring your GUARANTEE RESERVE Accident and Sickness policy direct to you and later, if trouble besets you, he will deliver your GUARANTEE RESERVE benefit checks. You are assured that all business is done the modern, economical way—direct with you and by mail.

No medical examination is required for this policy. In accordance with standard claim procedure the company reserves the right to determine the existence of good physical and mental health at the time of the issuance of the policy as a pre-requisite to the payment of benefits.

- 1 Notify us promptly of illness or accident. No details are necessary.
- 2 We will send you by return mail the proper claim form for your use.
- 3 Return the form properly filled out, together with licensed physician's report of illness or injury.
- 4 Our check covering your claim will be mailed to you promptly following the completion of our claim investigation.

## Here Are 6 More Reasons Why You Should Send for This Wonderful Policy!!!

- ★ IT IS UNDER the supervision of the Indiana Insurance Department, and is regularly licensed in that state. It has policyholders in every state in the U. S.
- ★ THIS POLICY does not have the limitation that you may carry only one of them. We will accept up to two or even more, if you qualify.
- ★ THERE IS A special fund of \$300,000 paid in capital and in excess of \$500,000 surplus set up as additional protection to all policyholders to guarantee payment of all just claims.
- ★ Guarantee Reserve Life Insurance Company of Hammond is a strong legal reserve stock company issuing a wide variety of insurance contracts.
- ★ A low cost accident and sickness policy with hospital benefits for men and women ages 15 to 69 (half benefits after age 60).
- ★ No Special assessments or dues. You will never have to pay more than the small monthly premium stated.

### MONEY - BACK GUARANTEE

If for any reason you desire to return the policy the company will refund your 25c upon receipt of the policy with your request for cancellation at any time within 30 days from the date the policy goes in force.

### READY CASH FOR YOU

#### Additional Limitations

There are of course exceptions enumerated in the policy, including miners, employees of common carriers, news companies, or government mail service while on duty, insanity, violations of criminal law and half benefits after age 60.

Now Serving More Than 400,000 Life, Accident and Health Policyholders in all 48 States

## Send Only 25c With This Application!

**Guarantee Reserve Life Insurance Company of Hammond**  
Dept. 107-A, GUARANTEE RESERVE BUILDING, HAMMOND, INDIANA

I am enclosing 25c. Please issue to me your \$1.00-A-Month-Accident-and-Sickness-Policy based upon the statements I am giving you herein. This covers entire cost for first month's protection. Thereafter rate is only \$1.00 a month. If I am not entirely satisfied I will return the policy and you will refund my money. ISSUED TO PERSONS 15 TO 69 YEARS.

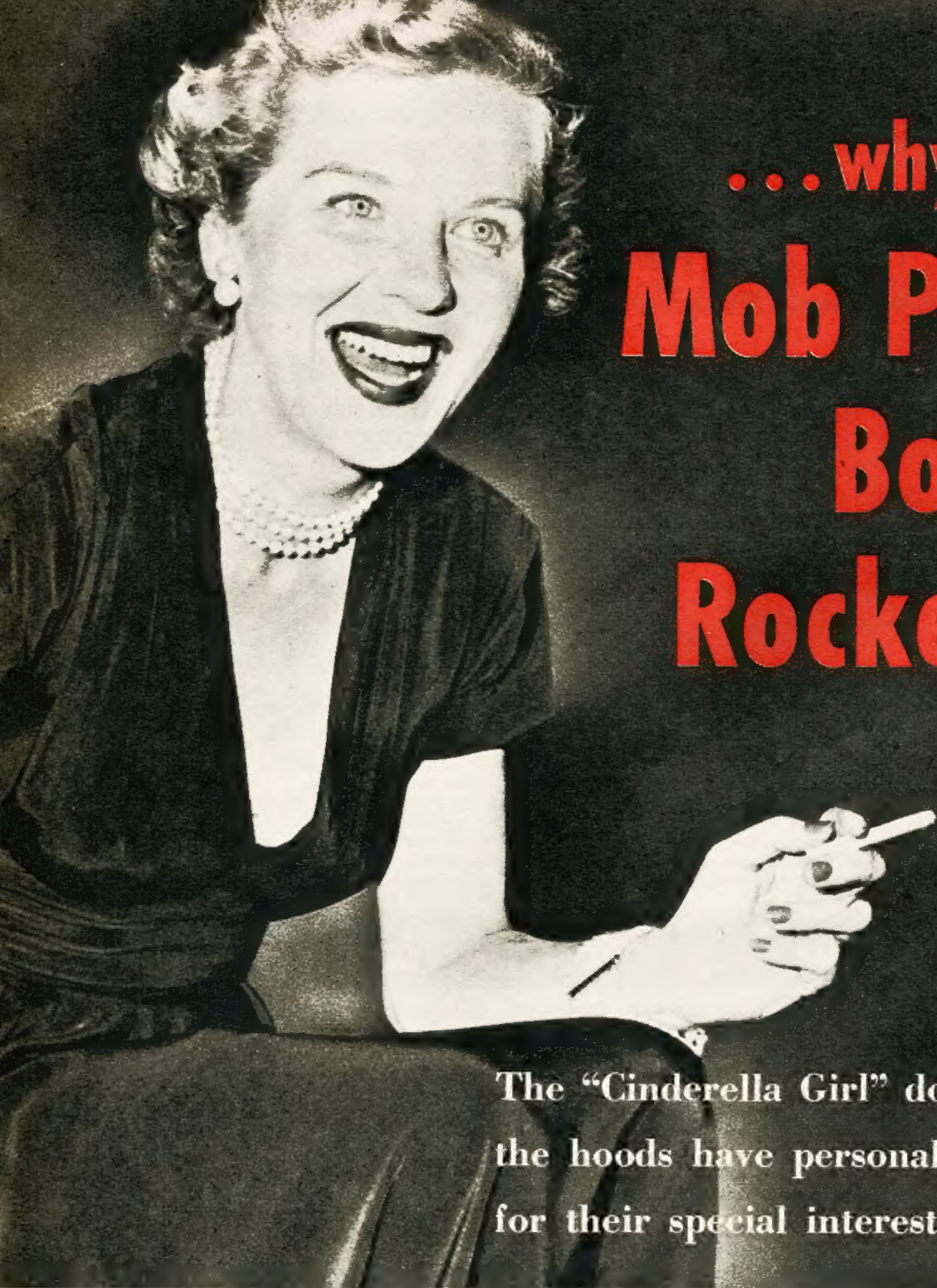
(PLEASE USE INK)

1. Full Name (please print).....  

Given Name
Last Name
2. Home Address { Street and number.....  
City.....Zone.....  
County.....State.....
3. Age.....Date and Year of Birth.....Occupation.....  
Height.....Weight.....Race (State Color).....Sex.....
4. Name of Beneficiary.....  
Person to whom Benefit is to be paid in event of death  
Relationship.....
5. Have you had medical advice or treatment, or suffered from any accident or illness, during the last five years?.....If yes, when and for what?.....
6. Are you now in good health, mentally and physically?.....
7. Do you have any physical defect or deformity?.....
8. Have you been injured while driving an automobile?.....If so, to what extent.....  
Signed at City.....State.....  
this.....day of....., 19.....  
The answers to the above questions are given to the best of my knowledge and belief.

✍ Sign your own name here.....





# ... why the Mob Protects Bobo Rockefeller

The "Cinderella Girl" doesn't know it — but  
the hoods have personal reasons  
for their special interest in her welfare!

By JIM DOHERTY

**F**EW MOTHERS read the terror-filled details of the Bobby Greenlease kidnapping with more personal emotions of nightmare fear than trim, pretty Bobo Rockefeller. She didn't need ink-splashed headlines to remind her of an ominous fact—that the Lindberg kidnapping law has *not* eliminated one of the cruelest crimes in the history of mankind.

This marks the first time the facts have seen print, but there had actually been an attempt to snatch the five-year-old son of millionaire Winthrop Rockefeller!

The story begins in the summer of 1950. A bewildered and undecided "Cinderella Girl" who had made world headlines only two years before by marrying Winthrop Rockefeller, "America's Most Eligible Bachelor," had

picked up her infant son and retired in confusion to her mother's 90-acre farm in Lowell, Ind. Her playboy husband had moved out six months before and Bobo was trying to gain some time to figure it out.

Until July, 1950, Bobo had been receiving a \$5,000-a-month allowance to run the town house on New York's East 93rd St., established for her by her wealthy husband after his walk-out. The allowance continued for the next few months after Bobo returned to her mother's farm home, until Winthrop padlocked the New York house and began squeezing her into the divorce he wanted by cutting down her spending cash.

While Bobo still received the larger sum, however, she was well aware of the vulnerability of the unsheltered farm where she had taken her baby. She hired six bodyguards a day, two each shift, around the clock. Although this took a big hunk out of her monthly \$5,000, Bobo had been indoctrinated into the elaborate precautions which even adult



Rockefellers take regarding their persons.

As her retreat was cut off by shutting down the New York house and shaving down her allowance, Bobo had to fire some of her bodyguards. By this time, too, she had discovered that at least one of her guards was now representing her estranged husband in the high-level intrigue which characterized the four-year separation.

On the farm were Bobo's Lithuanian mother and stepfather, Pete Neveckas, plus assorted relatives, all fanatically devoted to little Winnie. The farm road was posted with "Beware," "No Trespassing" and "Proceed at Your Own Risk" signs, which kept away curiosity-seekers, if not the press. Bobo herself slept with her baby, building into their tiny bedroom a bunk bed. She occupied the lower half, Winnie the upper deck.

#### **Bobo Worried about Threatening Letters**

Of the thousands of letters she received, many were sympathetic to her plight, others begged for gifts and money; but almost every mail brought a lunatic letter threatening her or her child. The latter so worried her that she conferred with the local FBI office about further precautions and had Winnie fingerprinted by the government agency.

Nevertheless, in early March, 1951, it happened. Bobo had spent the weekend with a woman reporter friend from a Chicago newspaper. Ironically, they had gone to nearby Michigan, in an attempt to work out an arrangement and possible hideaway providing even greater safety for Winnie. They were returning to the farm at about 11 p.m. on Sunday of that weekend; as they neared Lowell, their car passed several motorcycle policemen coming the other way — combing the highways, as it turned out, for Bobo.

They had, they reported, averted a kidnaping attempt by heading off a speeding car containing three Chicago thugs, after a wild movie-type chase. The automobile's occupants had aroused suspicion in the small town of Lowell by asking questions concerning the location of the Neveckas farm.

The men were being held for questioning, but Bobo refused to press charges, and the story was kept out of the headlines.

But Chicago is only 50 miles from Lowell, and word shortly got back to the "boys who run things" of the attempted snatch. Now the heirs to the old Capone mob, that efficient and tightly-knit organization known as "the Syndicate," "the Outfit," or "the Mob," have become very respectable. According to Senator Estes Kefauver, they have taken over or moved into 92 different types of legitimate businesses that the Congressional committee could prove. They send their children to good Eastern schools and like to be accepted in tony clubs.

Naturally, they have developed a marvelously sensitive awareness to public relations, and such shenanigans as laying hands on a Rockefeller for the purpose of acquiring loot thereby get an unhappy review today from the shoot-'em-up boys of two decades ago.

They took a dim view of the near-kidnaping of little Winnie, and were even less happy at the prospect that it might be pulled off successfully some day. The word went out to make an object lesson of the character who had dreamed up this brazen grab, which worried the underworld equally as much as it would have alarmed the FBI, because such kidnapings invariably turn "the heat" on organized crime.

#### **A Mysterious Shotgun Killing**

At about this time — the night of March 30, 1951, to be exact — a Chicago hood, Fred Brissa, was driving his car into the garage at his home at 10346 South Park. Beside him on the front seat sat his comely wife, Dorothy, then 35. Later, she testified she saw it all — as four masked men rubbed out her husband with a shotgun blast.

At the inquest, Dorothy named an ex-lover as the killer. This gentleman was a Calumet City honky-tonk owner who had lived with Dorothy from August to December, 1950, while Fred was polishing off a six-month rap in a federal prison for a \$20,000 whiskey hijack.

But romance, it turned out, wasn't the motive for murder after all. Dorothy's former boy-friend was cleared with a lie test. Then it was recalled that at the time of the fatal shooting Fred was mixed up in a fake perfume racket. The cops had found 150 bottles of expensive-looking scents in his car which were only a

(Continued on page 48)



Ex-con Fred Brissa died in hail of shotgun slugs as he drove car into his garage (above). Coroner's verdict, "murdered by persons unknown," was wrong.

A long-time petty hoodlum, Brissa (right) hatched plot for crime of century; mob chieftains voted death sentence when too-ambitious caper failed.





## THE LOWDOWN ON HIGH SOCIETY

When the Woolworth heir played barbershop with some other gay shavers, the D.A. wanted to know why their customer woke up with his pants on backwards and one badly-chewed ear!

# ...Jimmy Donahue's Hush-Hush Secret!

By HEWITT VAN HORN

**A**T 2:00 A.M. on December 7, 1944, a New York City patrolman stumbled on a scandal that would have made national headlines, if it had not involved an heir to a \$150,000,000 fortune. Just as money talks, it also can silence.

At the corner of 43rd Avenue and 23rd Street in a shoddy section of the Borough of Queens called Long Island City, the cop found an unconscious man sprawled face down in the gutter. He was clad only in a bloody shirt and a pair of unzipped trousers worn backwards so his buttocks were exposed to the nippy 42-degree night air. His hair had been so crudely clipped that he was almost bald, and his scalp was gouged and bleeding. One of his ears looked like it had been chewed by a bulldog.

### Police Didn't Believe Him, at First

The cop thought he had found the victim of a gangland "ride." But when George Henry Peter Williams (Peter for short) regained consciousness at a stationhouse, he revealed that he had been taken for a ride of an even more sensational kind.

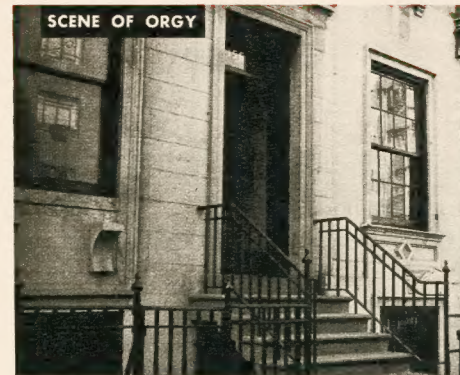
At first the police didn't believe Williams, who appeared to be drunk or doped. His story was as vague as the expression on his face and embroidered with names of socialites instead of crime overlords. Furthermore, he had no identification on him. So the cops packed him off to St. John's Hospital to be patched up and nursed back to health while they investigated.

What they uncovered was so hot that Assistant District Attorney Francis X. Clark's investigators took over the case. After three months of investigation, Clark's gumshoes were able to piece together the following account of low life in high places:

On the evening of Dec. 6, 1944, four of Gotham's gilded youth dropped into Cerutti's bar and restaurant at 59th Street and Madison Avenue for a few brews and some excitement to liven the midweek dullness of Wednesday.



PICKED UP HERE



SCENE OF ORGY



VICTIM DUMPED HERE

They were Pvt. James P. "Jimmy" Donahue, of the Woolworth clan; Corp. William "Billy" Livingston, of manorial Knickerbocker ancestry; Duke Fulco di Verdura of Italian nobility; and playboy Francisco "Pancho" Muratore of Argentina.

This odd mixture of personalities was representative of Cerutti's patrons during World War II, when it was GHQ for servicemen and cafe society with bizarre habits and tastes. On crowded nights, sexuality hung like heavy musk in the dimly lit cafe. Soldiers, sailors, marines and their officers forgot about rank as they maneuvered for favored places at the bar beside the regulars—well-heeled and often well-known actors, advertising men, artists, attorneys, musicians and what-have-you. Sometimes a flashy uniform of one of the allied armed services would cause heads to turn.

A handsome RCAF pilot named Wayne Lonergan had "cruised" Cerutti's often and with great success. On one lost weekend in 1943 he smashed the skull of his estranged heiress wife, Patricia, with an antique candelabra and then strangled her in her swanky Beekman Hill apartment. He confessed that he murdered her after she taunted him about his homosexuality.

### Couldn't Resist Urge to Join the Party

Williams was having a lonely drink at the bar when Donahue, who was stationed at Fort Dix, N. J., and his three pals entered and took a table. Williams was tall, good-looking in spite of spectacles, and inclined to consider himself "elegant," an adjective used with the highest respect by his crowd. He was the son of a New York family of moderate fortune, had attended Harvard, and worked as a salesman for the fashionable wallpaper firm of Katzenbach and Warren.

The Donahue party caught his interest because of its air of chic sophistication, and he couldn't resist the urge to join it. Williams got goose pimples of pleasure when he learned he was hobnobbing with three of New York's most fabulous playboys and a bona fide Duke, but a few hours

later he realized initiation into their fraternity wasn't as easy as table-hopping.

Donahue, Livingston, di Verdura and Muratore had only one thing in common with Williams. They liked thrills. But this foursome could buy them at almost any price and often did.

Donahue was the black-sheep son of Jessie Woolworth Donahue, who inherited some \$30,000,000 from her father. Young Donahue was shocked out of his pampered childhood at 16 when his father, gambler extraordinary James P. Donahue, Sr., gulped seven fatal bichloride of mercury pills while "Jimmy" pleaded with him through a locked bathroom door. Papa Donahue was depressed because wife Jessie, who once shelled out \$900,000 to cover his losses in one evening, had put a \$25,000 daily limit on his gambling debts.

### Lost \$140,000 on a Theatrical Flop

Two years later, young Donahue ran away from a Connecticut prep school to hoof in a Broadway girlie show and spend the early morning hours at the glittering Central Park Casino, where he earned a reputation as a wit. At 19, his mother sent him along with his cousin, Barbara Hutton, and her fortune-hunting first husband, "Prince" Alexis Mdivani, on their round-the-world honeymoon. Donahue kept a revolver strapped under his arm to "protect" Babs—most likely, it was said, from the groom.

At 21 Donahue had lost \$140,000 on a turkey which he produced on the London stage, and at 22 he was identified by a madame in a Mann Act trial. She testified he was a client of a \$5 Florida bordello which he frequented with Lady Astor's nephew, David "Winky" Brooks. "Winky" later plunged to his death from his fourteenth floor Manhattan apartment after an all-night drinking party. Another favorite Donahue playground was Harlem.

Jimmy was 29 when Williams met him at Cerutti's, and already had the name of being one of the international set's most cynical libertines. But his blonde handsomeness, his baby face and his big

(Continued on page 58)

Playboy Jimmy's grin faded when the law learned of a grim prank he and friends played on stranger.



# Baby, Won't You Please Go Home!

Even your hotel hi-jinks with a Mexican inn-keeper have failed to douse Bill O'Dwyer's torch for you!

**I**T'S A TOUGH THING, honey, when a man gets a heartache and, despite what the gossip columnists say, ex-Mayor, ex-Ambassador William O'Dwyer has a torch for you.

As you so well know, the General isn't the type to let his feelings show in this matter. He puts on a brave front of squiring one gal or another about Mexico City, but he doesn't play any for keeps.

You probably read the newspaper items about him being seen out with the darkly seductive ex-wife of a Mexican attorney, but we can give you a gilt-edge guarantee there's nothing romantic about it.

## Bill Lets His Hair Down

Remember the Nichte-Ha room in the Del Prado Hotel where you and your handsome, graying husband used to sip cocktails of a late afternoon? Well, he still drops in there for a refresher these days, Sloan, but his companion is now more likely to be a man. When it's one he knows and likes very much, Bill lets go a little and talks about how hard it is to figure out women. Truth is, he means you.

He was sitting over a few Scotch and sodas just that way the other night, when he got to toting up what he calls your "little-girl sins." Bill's no dope, Sloan. He knows all about that big blister you had with bullfighter Jesus Cordoba. Matter of fact he also knows about that wealthy Mexican hotel owner and the night the innkeeper's wife walked into that room in Aca-

pulco and the two of you were... well, ah, he knows the whole story on that, too.

Believe us, beautiful, having to face the bitter truth of things that happened didn't dim Bill's torch one watt. He bought a big new mansion, you know, smack in the middle of Mexico City's swanky Lomas residential section and this writer would throw away his pen if he could get \$10 for every time Bill's said he'd love to carry you over the threshold.

He sees most of the New York papers, Sloan, and clips out items about you. Some don't thrill him too much, jottings like the one that had you dating Eddie Fisher. He never went for that one, though.

Bill knows all about your dates with Jeff Jones, producer of your television show, and tells friends he figures this is the main guy to watch in his race to recapture you. Folks dropping down to Mexico City from New York have filled him in on the fact that Jeff had such other glamour dolls as Faye Emerson charmed out of their socks. If Jeff should get ill in the next few months, Bill-o would be the first to hope it's nothing trivial.

## A List of Complaints... and Then a Question

As for that stuff about him being intoxicated with the allure of the supposed Mexican cattleman's wife, Lisa Marion Setrosa, don't you believe it. O'Dwyer not only vows he never heard of the gal, no one else in Mexico City ever did either.

Even if it's not the truth, Bill exhibits his spectacular Irish temper when he sees items like that in print. He has the idea you might believe them, Sloan, and give him up. He doesn't want any other gal. It's you, or nothing, he told that friend over cocktails the other night. And you have to admit, he's a mighty broad-minded hubby, at that. Because he finished up his list of complaints about bullfighters and hotel heroes with a question:

"Say," he said, "do you think she might come back to me when she gets all this out of her system?"

You could dig in his wallet right now and find a clipping from Walter Winchell's column which Bill loves better than money. It says: "Sloan Simpson may not be carrying any torch but she still lugs a leather handbag with 'Sloan O'D' embossed in gold on it."

Only you can say, sweetie, whether you still get temptations to pack a bag and rush back to Bill. We can say that, if you do, O'Dwyer plans to break a record that's nearly always on top of his phonograph's turntable. You know the tune pretty well. It's "When Your Lover Has Gone."

▲▲▲





What nature's forgotten is  
no longer fixed with cotton.  
Now Hollywood surgeons  
are fixing "flats" and  
lifting more than morale!



## *Operation Hollywood*

# CUSTOM TAILORED BOSOMS

By AUDREY MINOR

Before starlet Sara Shane bought sassy new silhouette, she was just another face around Ciro's. Afterwards, eye-popping scout signed her to contract.







Tallulah Bankhead's bust got such a lift she proudly displays tiny scars to those who want to see her operation. Results prompted columnist to observe that "Tallu proved again she hides behind no false fronts."

**F**OR YEARS, movie stars have been switching the color of their hair and fooling the boys with false eyelashes and just plain falsies. Today a new science of fantastic fakery is sweeping the movie kingdom—built-in or built-up bosoms.

These false fronts are not to be confused with the rubber kind you can purchase in a dime store and stuff into strapless dresses, to delude the eyes of gentlemen with downward glances. The new curves are nature's own, remodeled, stretched or trimmed on a hospital operating table by modern science's wonder boys, plastic surgeons. And the busiest activity in this "new line" is in Hollywood, where a correctly-turned bosom is more important to an actress' career than whether she can recite "Twelfth Night."

One factory where the old chassis can be remodeled is a building on Glenoaks Boulevard, a busy street in the otherwise hum-drum suburb of Glendale, 10 miles from the gay lights of Hollywood. Few Hollywoodites know about this hospital or the amazing practice that goes on behind its doors. There, movie stars with drooping fronts can be wheeled into surgery for an uplift. Actresses too bountifully supplied can be whittled down to a more sedate size. Starlets born flat-chested register for the big build-up. Results are so perfect not even a husband or an inquiring boyfriend can tell the difference. Only tiny scars below the bust are giveaways.

#### Tallulah's Overjoyed with Her New Figure

Tallulah Bankhead is one actress who admittedly has gone to the hospital for a bust-lift. The lusty-voiced "Tallu" is overjoyed with the new figure she owns and proudly shows her scars to anyone who asks. She recently ran into an old-time movie actress who is among the many socialites and wealthy women who have trouped to the doctor to be made more youthful in the bosom department. When Tallu congratulated her sister under the new skin the second star croaked, "That isn't all, dearie—I've been uplifted from head to toe!"

Guests who saw Marlene Dietrich in a transparent gown when she sang at the Hotel Sahara in Las Vegas, marveled at her firm, youthful figure. How did she do it? She claims exercise, diet and a tight gown. Her close friends say there

was one more factor—that Marlene also paid a visit to Glendale.

Gloria Swanson is another middle-aged cinemactress who still draws whistles. Her full-blown charms were tapered years ago by plastic surgery.

Others in the line-up of Hollywood's more mature maidens have been convinced they're missing plenty, after hearing friends describe their operations and viewing the much-improved results. Recently, Sonja Henie quietly entered a New York hospital, for what she told the press was a "minor operation." The delight was major among the nation's columnists, who told the pretty, past-40 skating star that her sweaters had never looked better.

#### Here's How It's Done

The urge to be so round, so firm, and fully packed isn't confined entirely to the older groups. Sirens with sad cases of the shorts are learning their cups can be filled to running over with amazing operations which take a gal with a top tape measurement of 30 and send her home a ravishing 36. Patients for this form of living sculpture raid their dressing table drawers the minute they're out of the hospital—to throw away those slip-and-slide falsies and padded bras, once and for all.

The astonishing operation consists of actually inserting a plastic material underneath the skin of the breast. The skin is then stretched over the plastic and a new Marie Wilson is *made*—not born.

One starlet in Hollywood who realized the importance of a curvy figure is Sara Shane, recently signed by Universal International. Sara was just another pretty face in movietown and a wiggling bottom on the Ciro's dance floor until she visited the Glendale hospital. Now she is amply endowed above the waistline and has become a sexy doll in the Hollywood limelight. Sara hired herself a press agent, won a contract, and is on the way to cinema success.

Years ago a then unknown girl—let's call her Betty—went through the same operation. She knew that without something to fill tight sweaters she never would make the cinematic grade, that the girls who get places in Hollywood must look soft, appealing and well-upholstered. Betty added a few inches to her bustline via plastic surgery. Later those curves became known to every GI in

**Buying new zest  
for an old chest can nick a  
glamour doll for as much  
as \$1,200, but Hollywood's  
sirens are besieging  
the doctors who make  
old blouses bloom again!**





Sonja Henie slipped quietly into Manhattan hospital for what she told press was "minor surgery." When she left the hospital, gossip reporters slyly declared that the skating star's sweaters never looked better.

foxholes around the world. She was one of the most popular pin-up girls with the armed forces during the last war.

Another up-and-coming actress recently desired a film contract with a director who is famous for his appreciation of hefty pectoral muscles. The girl tried and tried for an interview with the director. She failed. Finally she scraped together money for the operation and emerged from the hospital with cleavage that would cause Groucho Marx to swallow his cigar. The next time she saw one of the director's assistants at the Mocambo, she wriggled by in a low-cut gown. She got a phone call fast to come to work. Currently she's whiling away her time as a dancer at one of the major Hollywood studios until she gets a proper role.

Just how safe these operations are is one of the many questions modern medicine still debates. Many doctors are

wary of advising them; on the other hand, just as many authorities say they're not dangerous. Up till now, such surgery has usually been restricted to cases where an illness, like cancer, made plastic repairs necessary. It took Hollywood to make them popular, strictly from a beauty standpoint.

What is it like to sign up for such an operation? This reporter went through the ropes—short, that is, of actually going under the knife—and can say the process seemed no more terrifying than would any other plastic remodeling, like, say, a nose bob. My movietown practitioner not only operates in Hollywood but has a New York clinic on Central Park South, to which women with too much or too little flock.

If you live on a budget, his conversation won't thrill you however. I asked for an uplift repair job and, after a careful examination, the price was set at \$1,200. That included one day and two nights in his private hospital. If my trouble had been a mere case of the flats, the tab would have been lighter—\$500 for the operation and \$150 more for the hospital. The fee for just the examination was \$10.

#### Bosom Repair Is Now a Booming Business

Even though it can't rank in the class of bargain basement surgery, bosom repair is a booming business. It's estimated by authorities in the field that some 4,000,000 young adult women in the United States suffer from micro-mastia (immature breasts), or ptosis (collapse of the breasts). Of this total, nearly one-third—in the neighborhood of 4,500,000—suffer real psychological damage from their bust problems.

Leading psychiatrists have cited scores of cases where broken marriages, neurotically unhappy lives and even suicide have been traced directly to such conditions. And the current American craze of emphasizing bosom beauty—witness such national idols as Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe—only aggravates the depression of those millions of women who become convinced they can't measure up.

Long before the bust builders went to work, a favorite medical trick was to attempt overcoming nature's carelessness with injections of female hormones. The results were by no means always successful and have gradually lost favor. The new method is called breastplasty. It consists of inserting a soft, plastic-foam

*(Continued on page 64)*



Newest screen idol, Audrey Hepburn, is falsie fancier. Others whose curves go in drawers at night include Pier Angeli, Joanne Gilbert, even "Mmmmmarilyn" Monroe. Practice is general but stars still refuse to admit it.



A big secret until now, Hedy Lamarr's profile was so flat that a stand-in was needed for bosom scenes in sexy film "Ecstasy." Bidders at public auction of her wardrobe discovered dresses with built-in falsies.





WANTED FOR MURDER: **Porfirio Rubirosa**, once called "Prince of Darkness," was cousin to **Barbara Rubirosa** (below), a girl sought for heavy political killing. Note family resemblance.



**Porfirio** made special trip to New York just before cousin's gun blazed. D.A. would like to talk to him about the crime.

# THE RUBIROSA MURDER CASE

By JAY WILLIAMS

**S**OONER OR LATER, every honeymoon couple finds themselves too tired to do anything more strenuous than look at each other's family albums. That evening must have come quickly for Porfirio Rubirosa and his fifth bride, Barbara Hutton — judging from their big break early in March. It's to be hoped he didn't accidentally show her the uncensored volume containing his rundown of relatives. For even so blase a babe as Babs couldn't be blamed if she gasped, twitched and shuddered while she turned those fascinating pages.

The Rubirosa's, Barbara would have discovered, are a clan whose exploits sound like titles for detective novels. Adultery is common, there's a dandy hijacking in the record, and a couple of bold smuggling raps. There's also at least one cold-blooded murder!

On the off chance that the Rubirosas' official historian may have glossed over the last-mentioned item, it's also on the books of the New York Police Department and what makes it more exciting is that the file bears the stamp "Open," a cop term for unsolved. That's a label policemen hate to see on their homicide cases and there are several New York cops who would dearly like to talk with Porfirio about this particular case. But, as explained in detail later,

**Some mighty strange fruit  
ripened on the Rubirosa family  
tree. It includes adulterers  
and smugglers — also numbers  
at least one murderer!**



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CONFIDENTIAL MAGAZINE 1697 BDUY  
NY

I HAVE RECEIVED INFORMATION FROM RELIABLE SOURCES IN THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC THAT LUIS RUBIROSA FIRST COUSIN OF PORFIRIO RUBIROSO WILL NEVER TALK ABOUT BENCOSME'S ASSASSINATION STOP RUBIROSA WAS MURDERED SO HE MIGHT NOT SPEAK  
ANGEL MORALES

Rubirosa clan never said what happened to its trigger-happy relative. Cable (above) sums up opinion of assassin's real target, former Dominican Foreign Minister Angel Morales (right), who later fled to Puerto Rico.



they can't ask the Dominican Dandy to talk; he'll have to volunteer.

It all happened 19 years ago, but the details are as clear as this morning's headlines to police officers like Detective Sidney Weyback, who worked on the case long ago and still carries a badge.

We begin on a balmy spring evening, the 28th of April, 1935. The scene for murder is one of those seamy, down-at-heel apartment houses which stand shoulder-to-shoulder on the northern rim of Manhattan, where that borough melts unobtrusively into the Bronx. A dark-skinned, rat-eyed little hoodlum dressed in a pinch-waisted brown suit swaggers to the entrance of the building at 87 Hamilton Park and buzzes the doorbell.

Senora Higgs, landlady to two distinguished but impoverished gentlemen, opens the door and gazes into a face she dislikes on the instant.

"Is Doctor Morales in?" the visitor snarls.

Almost as quickly as she shakes her head, the little man steps toward her and starts shoving his way into the house. He elbows her aside, but Mrs. Higgs' protests grow loud and angry enough to seal another man's doom.

#### Shave Costs His Life

Inside the apartment, one Sergio Bencosme has stripped off his shirt and retired to the bathroom for a shave. His face is thick with lather when he hears the commotion in front, recognizes his landlady's voice, and drops his razor to sprint to her aid. He has no way of knowing he's living his last seconds on this earth and, therefore, wastes no time removing the rich layer of soap hiding his face.

Bencosme meets his killer as he steps into the living room. As Senora Higgs shrinks into a corner of the room, the gunman pulls out a .45 automatic, shouts, "Ahhh, Morales!" and orders his astonished victim to turn his face to the wall. Bencosme scarcely begins to protest the mistaken identity before the gun roars and he slumps to the floor with a bullet through his head. The killer wheels, ignores the terrorized Senora Higgs, and darts into the street and — as it turns out — also, oblivion.

Some minutes later, a police prowler car rolls up to 87 Hamilton Place and disgorges two patrolmen who already have this "job" ticketed in their minds as a possible numbers racket slaying or perhaps one more of those crimes of passion that dot the blotters of police precincts in upper Manhattan, which are loaded with volatile Cubans, Puerto

Ricans and the flotsam and jetsam of half a dozen other Latin-American countries.

The cops are about to round up some facts, however, which change the case from "just another shooting" into an international scandal that has embarrassed a Latin-American dictator and our own State Department for nearly two decades. Hustled into an ambulance, the victim of the shooting clung to his life until he could whisper that he was a political refugee.

#### Friends Smuggle Him Out of Country

Bencosme, it developed, was secretary to none other than Dr. Angel Morales, distinguished Latin-American diplomat who had once presided over the League of Nations, served his homeland as Foreign Minister and Minister of Interior, and represented the Dominican Republic in Washington so ably that he became a trusted statesman, highly regarded by such powerful figures as one-time Secretary of State Sumner Welles.

Morales had shown a brave, if foolhardy, contempt for the tactics of an iron-fisted Dominican General, Rafael Leonidas Trujillo y Molina, who strong-armed himself into the Presidency in 1930. Trujillo had straightway announced morbid plans for all who opposed him, especially Dr. Morales. Friends smuggled the outspoken diplomat out of the country and he

(Continued on page 55)



Convicted in \$60,000 smuggling attempt, Porfirio's brother Cesar (shown with wife), must live in Greece till stiff fine is worked out; maximum time, 95 years.



Behind-the-Scenes Intrigue

# WHEN ROOSEVELT EXILED GOV. EARLE TO SAMOA



From hitherto locked files comes the incredible story of an American Siberia where a former Ambassador was banished because he wanted to tell the truth about Russia!



By ALAN COURTNEY  
and HOWARD RUSHMORE

A full two years after Roosevelt gag was applied, Gov. Earle went before Un-American Activities Committee with his report on Reds.



THE WHITE HOUSE  
WASHINGTON

March 24, 1945

Dear George:

Accept your action to me that you believe you have exhausted the opportunities for useful service in the Navy and, Admiral Brown has at my direction sought to find another assignment where you could continue useful service because of your special experience and qualifications. He has no opening in Germany for you at the present time and I have not found any other semi-diplomatic assignment where a naval officer of your age and broad experience could be fitted in. Because of your age it would not be fair to give you a sea assignment where you would be in competition with younger men who have had several years of special line training.

I therefore believe that perhaps a bigger field of usefulness lies before you in civil life than to continue as a naval officer on active duty. I want you to know how much I appreciate your patriotism in volunteering for any service at the very outset of the war and how much I appreciate your patience and perseverance in active service for your country. You may well be proud of what you have done and I hope that you may all look forward to your continued contribution to the good of our country.

Very truly,  
Franklin D. Roosevelt

Commander George H. Earle, U.S.N.  
Care of Office of Naval Intelligence  
Navy Department  
Washington 25, D.C.

THE WHITE HOUSE  
WASHINGTON

March 24, 1945

Dear George:

I have read your letter of March 21st to my daughter Anna and I have noted with concern your plan to publicize your unfavorable opinion of one of our allies at the very time when such a publication from a former emissary of mine might do irreparable harm to our war effort. As you say, you have held important positions of trust under your Government. To publish information obtained in those positions without proper authority would be all the greater betrayal. You say you will publish unless you are told before March 24th that I do not wish you to do so. I not only do not wish but I specifically forbid you to publish any information or opinion about us ally that you may have acquired while on active duty or in the service of the United States Navy.

In view of your wish for continued active service, I shall withdraw any previous understanding that you were serving as an emissary of mine and I shall direct the Navy Department to continue your assignment wherever they deem it best for our service.

I am sorry that pressure of affairs prevented me from writing you on Monday. I value our old association and hope that time and circumstance may soon give me an opportunity to see you again.

Very truly,  
Franklin D. Roosevelt

Commander George H. Earle, U.S.N.  
Care of Office of Naval Intelligence  
Navy Department  
Washington 25, D.C.

THE WHITE HOUSE  
WASHINGTON

March 24, 1945

Dear George:

Your letter of March 21st just reached me and your orders to duty in the Pacific have already been issued. As I have already given instructions once, I think you had better go ahead and carry them out and see what you think of the Pacific war as one of our problems.

Very truly,  
Franklin D. Roosevelt

Commander George H. Earle, U.S.N.  
The Japanese Club  
Washington 25, D.C.

In little more than three weeks (note dates above), FDR's warm regard for then-Commander Earle turned to

icy disapproval. While Earle was banished, Alger Hiss and other Reds wrecked United Nations peace parley.

IT WAS MIDNIGHT and the rain was a heavy black sheet blanketing the Delaware coast when the armed messenger from Navy Intelligence climbed aboard the fishing boat.

"I'm looking for Commander George H. Earle," he told one of the crew. "And I'm in a hurry."

"He's asleep and he left word he wasn't to be disturbed."

"Get him up. I've got an urgent message for him from the White House."

Five minutes later a drowsy George Earle, former Governor of Pennsylvania, ex-Ambassador to Austria and Bulgaria, was sitting on the side of his bunk reading with growing disbelief one of the strangest letters ever penned by Franklin Delano Roosevelt. But there it was on White House stationery... an order warning Earle to keep his mouth shut about the Russian menace and commanding him to report back to the Navy for duty.

### The Reason for His Banishment

It was March 24th, 1945. Within a few hours after he received that order, Earle was ordered to Samoa and the American people had been denied advance warning of Russia's evil plan of aggression and conquest.

After his banishment, Earle received apologies from President Truman and a Navy admiral. He was assured "This is the last time Samoa will be used as an American Siberia." And he was told by an aide of Mr. Truman: "Every time we Truman people turn over a Roosevelt stone, we find a snail under it."

Now, for the first time, this magazine can reveal the documented details of the weird exile of a fine public servant. His file of signed letters from FDR was made available to our reporters to back up every detail of his fall from Roosevelt's grace. It happened because Earle wanted to warn America nine years ago that Russia was planning to turn against the Allies as soon as World War II ended.

A Philadelphia Main Liner, of Mayflower ancestry, Earle broke from his family's strong Republican traditions to support Mr. Roosevelt in 1932 and was made Ambassador to Austria by FDR. A staunch New Dealer, Earle was a pioneer in blasting the anti-Semitism of the Nazis and, while in Austria, was condemned by Hitler because Earle defended the Jews.

In 1934 Earle ran for governor in his native state. A fighting liberal, he was the first Democrat elected to that office in 44 years. While Ambassador to Bulgaria in 1941,

Earle created headlines by punching a Nazi in the nose. Storm Troopers tried to drag him out of his car on another occasion in Sofia and the husky, 220-pound Earle fought them off.

During World War I, Earle had been a Navy officer and had won the Navy Cross for valor. After Bulgaria declared war on the United States in 1942, the Nazis kicked Earle out of Sofia. He immediately enlisted in the Navy and Roosevelt made him a roving trouble-shooter with diplomatic status. In the New Deal hierarchy, George Earle was known as one of FDR's favorites.

He spent most of his time in Ankara and Istanbul, Turkey. During World War II, the two cities were listening posts for Allied intelligence. Many of the top secrets of both Nazis and Communists filtered through to Earle and he passed them on to FDR.

Roosevelt was in constant communication with the former Governor. One message, written in May, 1944, and signed by the President, said: "George, I'm happy to tell you that Marshal Stalin promised me that one week after we open the second front in Europe, he will enter the war against Japan." Earle produced this letter in his Miami, Fla. home, to which he retired several years ago. "This was one of the first indications I had that the Russians were hoodwinking the President," he said. "Of course, Stalin didn't go to war against Japan until July, 1945."

### Warned That the Russians Planned a Double-Cross

During 1944, Earle kept warning FDR that, on the basis of information reaching him in Turkey, the Russians were planning a double-cross. Roosevelt laughed off the warnings, or did not reply at all. In February, 1945, Earle asked for transfer to Europe and returned to the United States. The President still viewed his ace trouble-shooter with warm affection. An unpublished letter from the White House, dated March 3, 1945, signed by FDR and addressed "Dear George," said: "I have not found any other semi-diplomatic assignment where a Naval officer of your age and broad experience can be fitted in....

"I therefore believe that perhaps a bigger field of usefulness lies before you in civil life than to continue as a naval officer on active duty. I want you to know how much I appreciate your patriotism in volunteering for any service at the very outset of the war and how much I appreciate your patience and perseverance in active service for your country. You may well be proud (Continued on page 63)



# THE Skeletons in Red Skelton's Closet

Lovely Georgia Skelton sees red when she sees her not-so-funny husband. He's a bottle baby who bootlegs his love life, sulks in trees, and his zany antics have been too hot to print!



By ALFRED GARVEY

ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS ROUTINES of a lovable, red-haired comic is when he hops onto the stage at CBS Television City in short pants, straw hat, bow tie and lollipop, and lisps, "I'm a b-a-a-d boy."

Few of his loyal fans know that in real life the dimpled comedian is a b-a-a-d boy. What follows may be a shock, to some devotees of his uninhibited slapstick humor. Others may giggle with glee, while a few will shake their heads in sorrow and pity over his juvenile antics. But the truth is that Skelton is a mischievous, "harem-scarem" little boy whose scrapes and near-scandals have kept his employers and friends in a constant state of anxiety and despair.

## An Anxious Guard Tries to Protect Him

You hear, for example, about the Great Lovers of the entertainment world—Errol Flynn and Franchot Tone. They're cold fish compared to Skelton. His amorous conquests rival the record of Don Juan. The red-haired rascal also has kept Hollywood on its ear by showing up to work in his cups and other hair-raising escapades.

What is most amazing is that, till now, the public never has heard of the real Red Skelton. His antics seldom hit the front pages, but how they ever missed being a page one scandal is a near miracle. Unless, that is, you credit the anxious guard which always surrounds the unpredictable rascal. His business manager, press agents, TV and radio producers and writers, and plain friends try to guard him from exposure.

They are so afraid he'll be caught that one of his best friends even keeps a cache of \$10,000 on hand, in case he gets a hurry-up call from Skelton to get him out of a jam. Some of his staff have 24-hour telephone answering services. Red may need to get to them in a hurry. As far as Hollywood insiders know, the fund never has had to be used. Somehow the merry madcap escapes detection.

When Skelton goes off on a bat, because he is anxious

about his TV show or a movie, he gets rambunctious. He has violent arguments with his wife while consuming scotch in the morning instead of coffee. At times he gets a bit wild and whips out a pistol. Several times in the past year, Skelton has galloped through the house, waving the gun and staggering while Georgia screams in flight. Then the servants come to the rescue and take the gun away.

Georgia is alarmed that his antics may frighten their two young children. Often she has skipped to a hotel with the youngsters until Red got his nerves under control and gave up the giggle juice.

Perhaps one reason his devilry has been successfully covered up by his friends is that they love him. They may have an urgent desire to give Skelton a sound spanking, but they still feel affection and pity for Red. His background explains the boy who never grew into a man. Red's father was a circus clown who died before he was born. He came from a big family and a poor one. He went to work at the age of eight and, at 14, was a seasoned veteran of burlesque and vaudeville shows, where a boy learns about wine and women in a hurry. Red never really was a boy—in the conventional sense of the term—with loving, secure parents. Thus, he never really has grown up.

## Often Sobbed Himself to Sleep on Wife's Shoulder

His first wife, Edna Skelton, was an ex-theatre usherette he met when he was em-ceeing one of those pathetic walkathons in the thirties. She was a contestant. They married, although Edna might have guessed what she was in for by the fact that he preferred calling her "Mummy," and liked her to call him "Junior." Edna protected him and doled out \$75 a week spending money. At night, the little boy comic often sobbed himself to sleep on her shoulder.

Red sought his girl friends away from home. Edna was "Mummy," wasn't she? Skelton started to court every beauty in town, and many easy-to-know girls

Urge to be two-gun b-a-a-d boy occasionally overcomes Skelton, who terrifies wife and kids with loaded pistols. So far, his aim's always been bad.



about the Sunset Strip who, years before, had given up being beauties. He managed to chalk up scores of romances without his wife knowing about it.

To keep things quiet, Red even maintained a secret apartment on the Sunset Strip. There Skelton would entertain his extra-curricular lady pals, often eager starlets he'd met on movie lots. He was a famous man, and they were impressed at being asked. They didn't realize it was no exclusive honor.

Red liked to get his guests in the romantic mood by



Tanked on Old Crow, Skelton once flapped into tree and bawled dictation to grounded secretary until his wife coaxed him down by laughing at his jokes.

showing them spicy movies, the kind usually seen on the screen only at stag parties. But the mischievous redhead didn't confine his shows just to guests. He projected them out his apartment window onto the blank, white wall of a garage next door. The films could easily be seen by motorists cruising down Sunset Boulevard. Some of the drivers undoubtedly swore off booze. Even the sober couldn't believe what they had seen. When the cops would draw up to investigate the crowd of gapers, Skelton would shut off the movie and where it came from remained a mystery to the gendarmes.

## Staged a 47-Minute Argument—on the Telephone

Red's first wife, Edna, finally found out about his amorous asides. She told him he could have all the girl friends he wanted—but as a single man. Red agreed to the divorce. Shortly afterwards, he married shapely MGM starlet Georgia Davis, who took on the task of taking care of the Bad Boy. Though she has walked out on him several times, been slapped around, two-timed and cheated on, she insists she loves him and never will leave him.

The much abused but still attractive Georgia had occasion to repeat her pledge when Red "fell" through a glass shower door and gashed his right arm so badly it needed 30 stitches. She cancelled the ambulance that came screaming up to the house and took over a nursing job she'd handled many

(Continued on page 48)



# WALL STREET'S Latest Come-On

If you've always had a secret yen to play the stock market, here's your chance.... Now you can buy stock on the installment plan—but read this first, and don't say we didn't warn you!

By BILL SOUTHERN

**A** PARTNER in a big Wall Street brokerage house has admitted confidentially to this writer that 90 percent of his clients lose money in the stock market—five percent break even—and only five percent come out ahead!

Those figures are based on the records of 20 years of business. But in spite of them (or perhaps because of them) Wall Street is hungry for new suckers. Once again it's wooing the little guy—the clerk, the elevator operator, the porter, the shoeshine boy... the same kind of people who lost their shirts in the big crash of 1929. That was the year when hotel clerks had to ask: "Do you want this room for jumping or sleeping?"

## The New Trap Has a Fancy Title

There's a new generation growing up now, which doesn't remember those black days. These are the people who are ripe for Wall Street's latest come-on—maybe.

The new trap has a fancy title. It's called the Monthly Investment Plan—known in the trade as MIP. It has a lot of fancy language, which covers up the scheme as nicely as some of the worthless stock certificates of the old days covered the walls when you used them for wall paper.

Behind all the doubletalk, MIP means buying stocks on the installment plan.

Can you get up three bucks a week? That's all it takes to get aboard the old merry-go-round again. Of course, it's much more dignified to call it \$40 every three months, which is the official minimum.

But it all adds up to the same thing.

Let's take a look at this new sucker bait—and the trap it springs. First, the reason for it. Very simple: the brokers need business. Operating expenses are up, but not the number of investors. When this fact became painfully apparent, Wall Street experts suggested two remedies—raise the commission rates, or get more investors.

Not being men to do things by halves, the brokers did both. Last November, the Stock Exchange member firms voted to raise their commission fees by an average of 18 percent. Then the Exchange thought up MIP.

The wonderful thing about it all, say the financial wizards, is that it's an investment. For your three bucks a week—or whatever more you can scratch up—you become an owner in American industry. You sign an agreement to pay the broker a certain amount of money at regular intervals, usually monthly, and tell him what stock you want to buy. You can buy any stock listed on the Exchange which is traded in units of 100 shares or more.

## Stocks Are Cheaper in the "Big Economy Size"

Suppose you pay \$50 a month and you want to buy Consolidated Whatzis, which is currently selling at \$18 a share. Get the adding machine; here we go. In the first place, the stock would cost you \$18 a share, if you bought it in 100-share blocks. Since you can't afford that much at a time, it will cost you more. There is a slight charge that brings the price up to \$18.12. Then there's a slight fee for the broker—which is the reason you're here in the first

place. That amounts to six percent, which is taken out of your 50 bucks, too.

You wind up with slightly more than two and one-half shares. The broker very kindly figures it all out to four decimal points—and if you like figures, here they are: you get 2.6206 shares, and he gets a commission of \$2.5016.

Don't let the little matter of what happened to the money bother you. You're now an owner of Consolidated Whatzis. All very good.

Where's the hook? Well, there are at least two of them. The first one: The broker has charged you a lot more than the rate you'd have paid if you were wealthy enough to buy 100 shares outright. Like many other things, it's cheaper to get the "Big Economy size" in stocks.

## Wait Till the Sucker Tries to Make a Killing

To see how much this amounts to, let's take one more quick example.

Suppose you buy 100 shares of stock on the MIP basis. It sells at \$20 a share and you pay \$100 a month. Commissions and other charges would cost you a total of \$132.50. But if you save up the dough in a savings bank and buy the 100 shares all at once, it would cost you only \$25 in commissions!

Here's the second hook... The promoters of MIP proclaim piously that it's investing—not speculating. There's no law against speculating, and the brokers know it. The sucker who falls for the bait may start buying only sound investment stocks, at first. Pretty soon, however, he'll get tired of his small return. He'll want to get into a stock with more kick—where he might double his money... Or lose it.

The broker won't stop him from switching or trading, because that fattens his commissions. Remember, MIP has made it a cinch for him to get into the market—something he's never been able to do before. Once he's had a taste of it, the gold rush fever will get him. Like any gambler, he'll spend every cent he can get; first, trying to make a killing and—later—trying to even up his losses. In desperation, he'll make loans on his house, his car and his life insurance—on just about anything and everything that can possibly

be turned into cash to feed the Wall Street kitty.

Some of the brokers who are pushing MIP are even talking about opening booths in plants and factories to make it easier for the workers to "invest" their few bucks. Wait till the bookies hear about that!

But what about the strong-minded character—let's call him Joe—who sticks to The Plan and just buys for investment? Well, there's one thing more we haven't mentioned.

As everybody knows, we live by business cycles. Stocks go up and down—the good ones along with the bad. One day Joe comes home from work with bad news. He's just been laid off and there's illness in the family.

Joe hasn't any savings account because he's put his savings into stocks on the installment plan. They're good stocks, but what can he sell them for? You guessed it. They're in the same downward cycle that caused the lay-off at the plant and Joe takes a loss just when he can't afford it.

What's more, he has to pay another set of commissions and special charges in order to sell the stock. That wasn't mentioned very loudly when he bought it.

## Brokerage Houses Make a Profit Either Way

Not all Wall Street brokerage houses are in favor of MIP. Many of the conservative ones don't like it. They're afraid that if too many little guys lose their hard-earned money, the reaction might be very bad for the Stock Exchange. But the plan is being shoved down their throats by pressure from the "wire houses," which have a lot of branch offices and a big overhead—and which desperately need more customers, suckers or otherwise.

These greedy brokers want you to invest. Once you do, they have you; they'll get you when you buy, and get you when you sell. They make their commission either way. In these houses, it's not unusual for one customers' man to be telling a client to buy a certain stock, while at the next desk another customers' man is telling another client to sell the same stock. They don't know whether the stock is going up or down. If they did, they wouldn't have to work for a living!

All they want is business. But, brother, if you get into this trap, you can get the business, too!





# WHAT THEY NEVER TOLD

# ABOUT BRENDIA FRAZIER

A hospital isn't the place for romance, but what else was Brenda doing in her battered boy-friend's sick room at 3:00 a. m.—waiting for a streetcar?

By BROOKS MARTIN



Roosevelt hospital officials launched probe to learn how Brenda eluded guards in wee-hours visit to Latin lover, discovered she had sneaked up fire exits.

As white-faced "gin-mill Madonna," the Frazier filly cut global capers but has never matched such ancestors as grandma, who tossed nude cocktail parties.

**A**T 1:30 A.M. ONE CHILLY NIGHT last November, a sleek black Cadillac convertible slipped out of New York's Park Avenue and headed west on 59th Street on a daredevil mission.

The chauffeur, a steel-nerved Irishman named Gerald Kelly, maneuvered skillfully through the spotty, late-hour traffic. The car passed plush East Side restaurants, rolled by the towering apartment houses of Central Park South and swung silently to the curb in the shadows of darkened, hushed Roosevelt Hospital. Seconds later, a mink-swathed woman with a face of cornstarch whiteness got out of the car with a mysterious package in her hand. She gave brief instructions to Kelly, then teetered across the sidewalk on high French heels and was swallowed by the hospital's vast bulk.

#### Where Was Brenda when the Nurse Came in?

At 3:00 a.m., the woman emerged from the slumbering institution, ran to the car, and settled back in the privacy of the rear seat, her mission accomplished. The Caddie purred back to Manhattan's East Side and deposited the lady of the evening at her chic address, 563 Park Avenue. The building's most glamorous tenant rode the elevator to her third-floor, 17-room apartment as coolly as if she'd just enjoyed a midnight movie. Brenda Diana Duff Frazier was home.

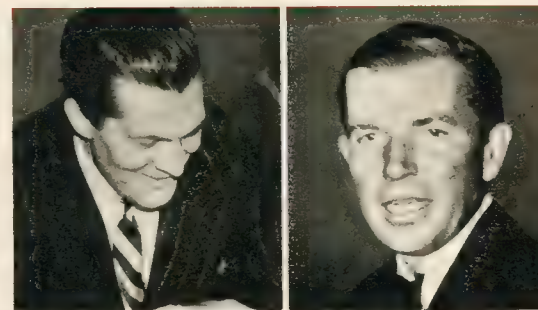
She had boldly crashed Roosevelt Hospital, at the risk of arrest as an intruder, to take vanilla ice cream and kisses to her long suffering Italian lover, darkly-handsome Pietro Mele. When the news of her brazen, wee-hour visit leaked out, it created such a furor in the institution that its authorities launched a full-scale investigation to determine who let her in and out of the place, in complete violation of all regulations. Heads threatened to roll, until it was discovered Brenda had penetrated the hospital by way of unlocked fire exits. A student nurse on duty at the time didn't help things by wondering aloud, at the probe, whether Brenda had ducked under the bed during parts of her one and one-half-hour visit, since nurses were scheduled to be in and out of Mele's room frequently during that time.

Besides establishing that the hospital was far from invasion proof, the Frazier filly also proved herself a girl of many and surprising eccentricities in a family rich with them. Her grandmother, Lady Jane Williams-Taylor, had spiced the years after her seventieth birthday by tossing nude cocktail parties. Brenda's mother not only saw to it that her daughter had every luxury a \$36,000-a-year allowance could provide but ordered an operation on the young deb's heel tendons—so she could dance longer at a stretch.

#### Pietro Insulted Brenda when They First Met

Mr. Frazier, Brenda's dad, was a character in his own right. In the fall of 1924, he left the house on a Saturday morning to attend a Harvard-Yale football game. As it turned out, there was something else on his mind. When the gridiron tussle was over, he sent the Mrs. a telegram, reporting the score of the game, and adding that he wasn't coming home and wanted a divorce.

Advance knowledge of such unusual family tendencies might have helped Mele at the outset of his courtship and—before it was over—he was to stand badly in need of all the advantages he could get. Pietro did a lot of barroom reminiscing after it was all over and frankly confessed



Brenda was still in her teens when cartoonist Peter Arno (left) and actor Bruce Cabot tangled in nightclub combat for her affections. Glamour deb enjoyed brawl, later prompted still other blueblood scraps.

he'd blundered at almost every step of the romance.

The first time he ever saw Brenda, he insulted her. Invited to meet the prewar glamour queen in her apartment, he found her surrounded by fawning males. In a deliberate effort to nettles her, he asked if she'd call up a girl friend and get him a date. Brenda grabbed up the phone and produced a society beauty. She was admittedly irritated . . . and interested.

She recognized Mele as being far more masculine than the men she's known after separating from her football hero husband, John "Shipwreck" Kelly. Even "Ship" had not been impervious to Brenda's will. Early in their marriage, for instance, he'd knuckled under to her insistent demands that he quit his job so he'd always be available for her amusement. When they wed (in 1941), Kelly had sworn he would "deglamorize Brenda." They retired to the quiet of a Long Island farm and Kelly all but managed to keep his promise, until Brenda finally wearied of pastoral life.

#### Drank Five Men under the Table, then Collapsed

Mele looked like a muscle man who also liked the bright lights. Thus, an international romance was born and Pietro turned immediately to the business of eliminating his competitors. In the beginning, he tried diplomacy. Night-life regulars will not soon forget one of the first times he took the 33-year-old beauty to dinner and found himself saddled with five extra males who tagged along at Miss Frazier's invitation.

Pietro resolved to drink them all unconscious and very nearly reached his objective. The end came in El Morocco and Mele would have been acclaimed victor, had he been able to escort his lady home. Minutes after his last contender slid under the table, Mele followed. Brenda had to tag home alone and was unimpressed.

In the face of such cool indifference, he reverted to the only other thing he knew well. Pietro is an excellent boxer and something of a brawler. In his home town of Rome, waiters in the better places have standing orders to group around him in threes from the moment he arrives in a place till he leaves.

(Continued on page 59)



**AMERICA, ON GUARD!**

# SAM ROTH THE LOUSE OF LEWISBURG



This is a Rogues' Gallery photograph of Samuel Roth, from the files of the Philadelphia police department's Criminal Identification Division.

**A** FEW DAYS after Alger Hiss told the first of the many lies that later were to send him to the Lewisburg, Pennsylvania Federal pen, another former inmate of that same jail leaped to the defense of the State Department spy and perjurer.

He was Samuel Roth, a peddler of pornography who, at the time he defended Hiss, had been arrested eight times, according to police records, for the possession and dissemination of obscene literature.

Roth called one New York newspaper and volunteered information on behalf of Hiss, the man who gave Soviet espionage agents classified information from the State Department's secret files.

## Was Convinced Hiss Was "Telling the Truth"

Why such a character came to the defense of Hiss is still a mystery. Roth not only said he was convinced Hiss was "telling the truth," but said he would have appeared before one of the Congressional committees handling the case if it weren't for his "background." That background was, of course, Roth's lengthy criminal record.

During the subsequent perjury trial of Hiss, the former State Department official insisted his chief accuser, Whitaker Chambers, was a man he had once known as "George

## ROTH'S CRIMINAL RECORD

**New York City**—Pleaded guilty February 27, 1928 mailing obscene literature. Fined \$500 and six months but sentence suspended.

**New York City**—Sentenced October 19, 1928 to serve three months Welfare Island for possessing and selling obscene books.

**New York City**—Arrested for possession and sale of obscene literature, November 27, 1929. Case dismissed.

**New York City**—Sentenced to six months in Federal Detention House, January 28, 1930, for violation of probation.

**Philadelphia, Pa.**—Sentenced July 7, 1930 to serve 60 days for the sale and possession of obscene books.

**New York City**—Arrested for possession and dissemination of obscene literature, February 24, 1931. Case dismissed.

**New York City**—Sentenced December 16, 1936 to three years in Lewisburg Penitentiary for mailing obscene literature.

**New York City**—Found guilty of violating probation, April 14, 1941. Probation extended until December 16, 1946.



GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK



ALGER HISS

Roth sells a book written by George Sylvester Viereck, infamous Nazi agent.

Roth rose to the defense of Alger Hiss, who gave U. S. secrets to Russia.

Crosley." Hiss could obtain no evidence that Chambers had ever used the name "Crosley"—yet Roth in the newspaper interview said he had known Chambers as a writer by that name. The jury which sent Hiss to Lewisburg for five years as a liar did not believe Hiss's invention of "Crosley" and the defense did not call Roth to back up the latter's statement.

The mysterious entrance of Roth into the Hiss case has never been explained. But Roth is still active selling and publishing books and his circulars are still being mailed all over the United States. If you receive one of them, be on guard.

It comes from Alger Hiss's friend.

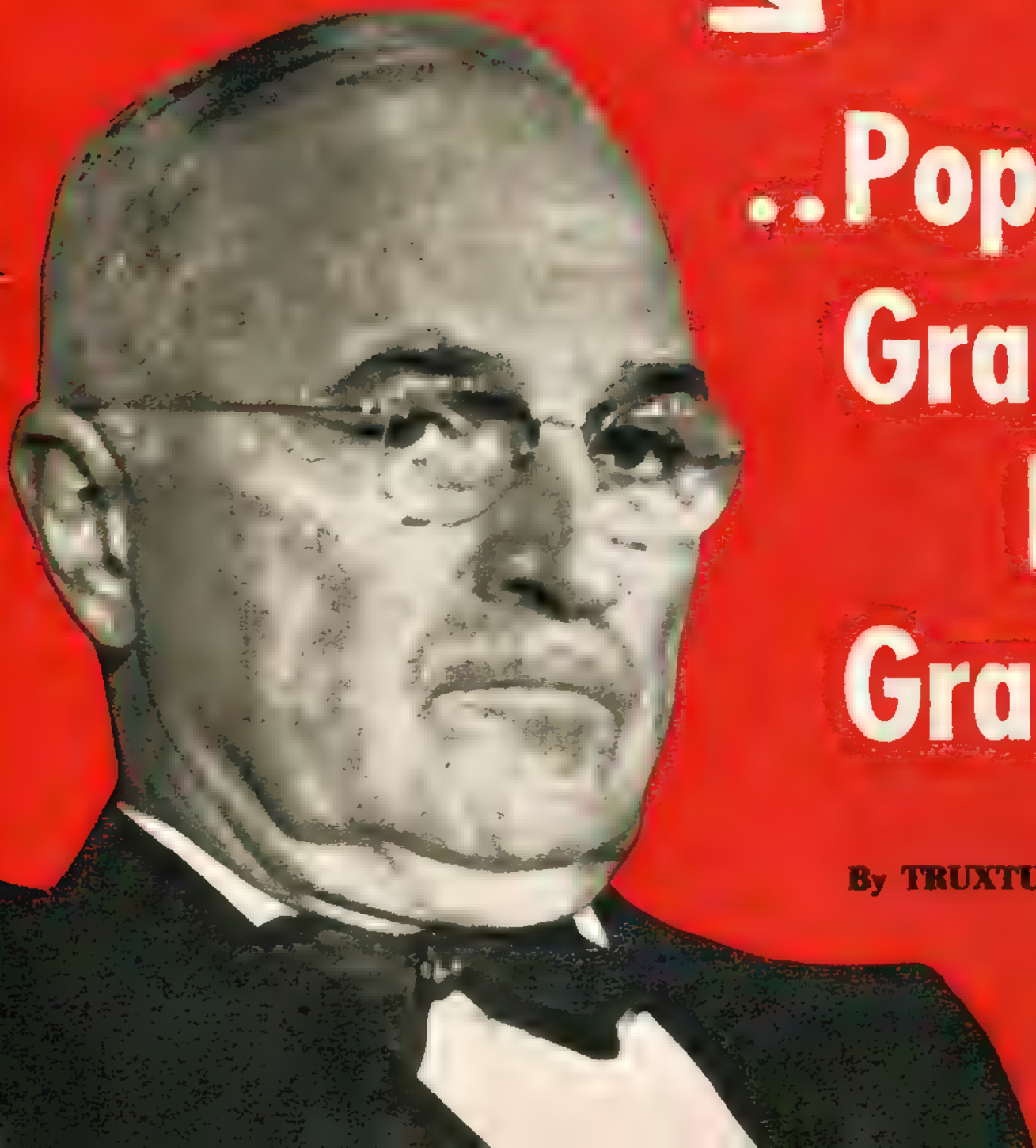
One of the books Roth is selling is *Laughter in Hell*, by George Sylvester Viereck. Before (Continued on page 65)



# MAGGIE TRUMAN'S PROBLEM...



...Pop Wants  
Grandchildren  
**NOT**  
Grand Opera!



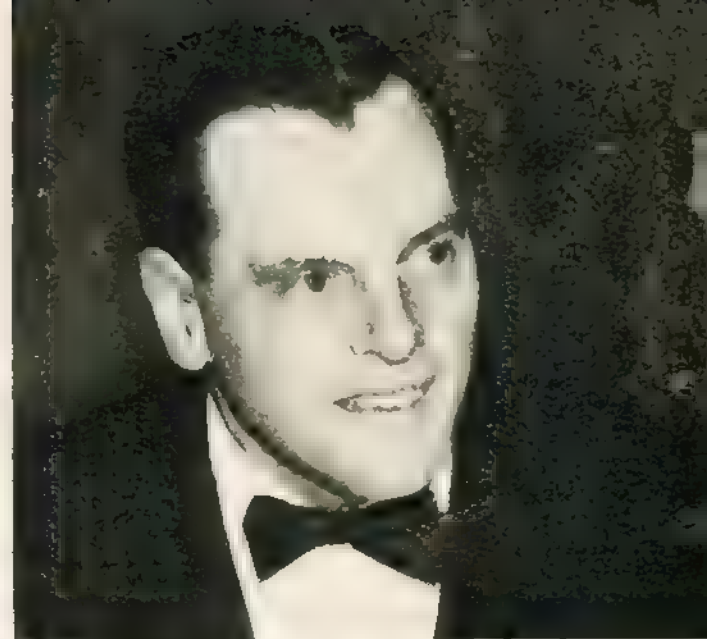
By TRUXTUN DECATUR

SEE NEXT PAGE





Big torch in Mag's love life is lady-killing opera star Cesare Siepi; he yawned, "A nice girl, but not my type."



Hottest Valentine was Marvin Braverman, who got brushed when she declared self "fed up" with Washington society.

**She spurned a basketful of White House swains. Now her career is on the skids and Maggie complains she can't find a guy just like the guy who married dear old Mom!**

**M**ARGARET TRUMAN knows what every woman knows at 30. Her beaux are gradually writing her off as a pleasant-enough spinster companion who can fill in when the younger gals are all dated up.

Maggie turned 30 on February 17th. Her reaction to reaching the traditional age of spinsterhood is typical of a girl who always has considered a career as her main course but has decided wedding cake would be nice for dessert after all.

For years writers have been describing Margaret as "demure, natural and relaxed." Now she's throwing curves her

When all others fail, Margaret counts on Leonard Lyons, name-dropping Manhattan gossip peddler, as escort. He touts her charms, waits hopefully to report engagement.



best friends never suspected she had. Her hair is growing blonder and when Maggie meets a new man, she's as coy as a schoolgirl attempting the role of Sadie Thompson in the senior play. Her conversation is studded with gay but contrived witticisms, tossed off with a lift of her mobile left eyebrow and a wink that implies she knows a lot more than she's telling.

No, Maggie isn't natural or relaxed any more. But who could be, facing a dilemma like hers?

Harry Truman has told his darling "Baby" that she might as well give up her abortive attempt to sing arias and learn a few lullabies instead. And coming from Harry, that's cruel advice — because he had encouraged Maggie's career from the start. Harry isn't forgetting that the Truman family already is loaded with spinsters, including his sister, Mary Jane, and a slew of cousins.

#### You Have to Give Her Credit for Trying

Bess Truman, who never shed any of her rare smiles on Maggie's career, is siding with Harry. Bess had to wait until she was 34 to take the wedding veil and knows whereof she speaks.

Margaret makes no bones about being at least half-way convinced by "Pop" and "Mother".

"I have a right to change my mind about my ambitions," she said recently. "I'd like to be a success, but if I could have as happy a marriage as my parents, I'd try that. It isn't easy to come by, though."

That's plain English for "I haven't found a man." But you'll have to give Margaret credit for trying.

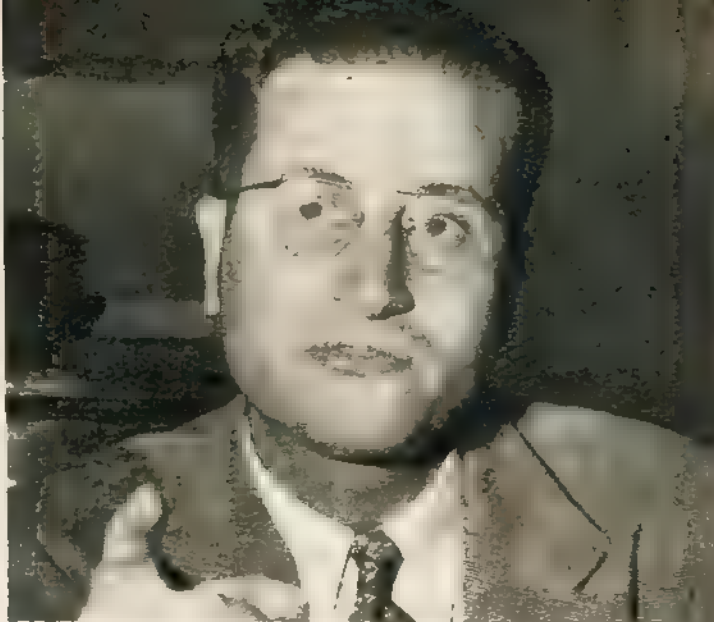
She has dated scores of White House aides, Washington lawyers, society scions, men-about Manhattan, gold-braid gigolos, journalists, singers and TV executives. She's "outrageously spoiled" and "hard to please" by her own admission, but her friends wonder if the lingering desire to make a name for herself in the entertainment world on her own hook — now that "Pop" is out of the White House — isn't the real roadblock in her path to the altar.

Maggie has never revealed whether any of her escorts have been for-real suitors. If she's had an actual proposal, it probably came from A. Marvin Braverman, a good-look-





✓ Navy Lt. F. B. Betts, reportedly engaged to Maggie, was really time-killing "fill in" until sexy Siepi showed up.



✓ Marvin Coles grabbed hat and ran when Mag, quizzed about romance rumors, snorted, "I haven't got time for that!"



✓ She didn't need to nix report of engagement to labor-paper editor Ed Wall. He issued his own denial.

ing, square-chinned attorney in his early forties who fancies himself something of a social figure in Washington.

Dating the President's daughter for a four-year term certainly raised Braverman's stock publicity-wise, and he received official recognition of his status as Maggie's No. 1 Boy when he was appointed chief usher at the inaugural ball in 1948. Friends always paired him with Maggie at parties and dinners, and he seemed genuinely fond of her.

Braverman tactfully dropped the courtship early last year after a 41-year-old bachelor who had quietly shared his fashionable Georgetown home for five years hanged himself under mysterious circumstances. Most of Braverman's friends didn't know of the existence of John C. Montgomery, a minor official in the State Department, until Braverman came home one evening and found his friend's nude body in the stairwell leading to a third floor room where Montgomery lived as a "guest".

#### Then There Was That Handsome Basso from the Met...

Since Montgomery handled classified material and the clean-up of "security risks" in the State Department was getting into high gear, the story could not be kept out of the papers, but the ensuing investigation was kept under wraps out of regard for Braverman's connections. It was later learned that the dead man had been classified as a 4-F on the grounds of a psycho-neurosis during the war.

Margaret has had unlimited opportunity to meet the world's most handsome, wealthy and talented eligibles, and it was a romance with a man of distinction that brought her to the verge of exercising a girl's leap year prerogative.

Soon after Braverman faded, she met Cesare Siepi, a singer imported from Italy by the Metropolitan Opera in 1952. The Met got more talent than it bargained for in Siepi, a boyishly handsome basso who won the critics with his prodigious voice and certain lucred ladies in the Diamond Horseshoe with his devilish black eyes. His friends were calling him "Don Juan" — with all that it implies — to his face when Maggie fell under his spell. He gave her a whirl and she's still whirling, although Cesare is back free-lancing the boudoir circuit.

"She's a nice girl but not my type," he says bluntly. "How can you have any privacy with a girl of her background? It's like dating a national institution."

Maggie has displayed a definite interest in Cesare, but apparently Cesare isn't buying. If Maggie really needs escorts for an opening night or a theatrical party she has to fall back on columnist Leonard Lyons and his wife. Lyons pays off the honor by syndicating rainbow reports of the Truman family's collective charms.



Hot breath of scandal brushed Margaret's circle of friends when State Department official John Montgomery hanged himself in Braverman's Georgetown apartment...

Even her critics must admit Margaret has come a long way since she arrived on the Washington scene in 1934 with her senator father, to divide her time between Gunston Hall, a plush private school, and public school in Independence, Mo. She may have been the "golden girl" of her hometown, spoiled by her well-to-do and childless maternal aunts and uncles, but she was just another "Congressional kid" in Washington.

She had been studying voice for five years with Mrs. Thomas J. Strickler of Kansas City and attending George Washington University for three years when Harry Truman bounced into the White House in 1945 to make her the first marriageable presidential daughter since the Wilson girls. Dressed in Montgomery-Ward styled dresses and bolstered by the companionship of her bosom pals, Drucie Snyder, the Treasury Secretary's daughter, her cousin Jeanne Rogers, and Jane Lingo, daughter of an obscure Naval commander, Maggie braved official functions which it was her duty to grace.

She soon chalked up a (Continued on page 50)



GUTS WITHOUT HIS GLOVES...

# When a Madman Jabbed a .45 in Sugar Ray's Belly!



Hoofing career proved far more dangerous than ring when fellow minstrel threatened to kill Ray.

**I**N HIS BOOM DAYS, retired Welterweight Champion Sugar Ray Robinson stopped thousands of near-paralyzing punches with that tough washboard stomach of his, but he never dreamed he'd be the target of a would-be assassin who shoved the ugly muzzle of a .45 into his guts and snarled a threat of instant death.

Yet it happened, on the night of Nov. 27, 1953. The weird story has been documented by citizens of Quincy, Ill., where the near murder of the ex-champ took place.

**The record book doesn't show it, but some of the Champ's best fights were *outside* the ring!**

By **FRED DANIELS**

Sugar Ray, fighter turned song-dance-and-patter man, was playing a one-night stand and was the star attraction on a bill with Count Basie's famed band and the Dominos, a sharp quintet of harmonizers. Sugar Ray and Billy Ward, major domo of the quintet, had contracted to do a show in the Quincy High School Auditorium. The performance was scheduled for 7 p.m., but the Robinson auto caravan didn't roll into town until 7:45.

The big crowd in the auditorium was restless. It had no way of knowing the entire troupe was road weary from weeks of one-night stands, touring the country from end to end, and was hurting for time off to relax, get a decent night's sleep, and a full meal that didn't have to be gulped down like a pill. The tight schedule was merciless. Tempers had flared from New York to Los Angeles. But, as the houselights dimmed and Ray took the stage, the crowd settled down and the show went off smoothly. Then the last number was over and the curtains closed.

Backstage the tension seemed to slacken. But like a worn rubber band stretched too far, the tired brain of one member of the company momentarily snapped. He blocked



Robinson's path as the ex-champ tried to walk off stage. Ray was the star of the show and responsible for all the strain, in this little man's shaky mind. Without any inkling of what was happening, Robinson tried to walk around the crazed performer. Then Ray froze as the man stood his ground, yanked a .45 automatic from his pocket and shoved it into Sugar's stomach, as he yelled:

*"I'm gonna kill ya — ya bum ya!"*

Sugar looked squarely into the crazed killer's eyes. Slowly, without a tremor in his voice, Ray said:

*"Go ahead, shoot . . . Better get it over with . . . Do it now or never . . ."*

#### **Sugar Ray Made the Gunman Back Down**

His assailant quivered as though he'd been shot through with a million volts of electricity. Slowly his whole body relaxed, his hand dropped to his side, and the .45 rattled to the floor. Sugar Ray's fists unclenched. He turned and walked off stage — still the champion.

Robinson has matched this brand of out-of-ring courage many times in his life. There was the time during World War II when Ray was a sergeant touring Southern army camps with Sgt. Joe Louis and his morale-building boxing troupe. Louis had been Ray's idol ever since he was a kid amateur, and Ray loved being part of the troupe.

At Camp Sibert, Alabama, a white MP threatened to club Louis as he walked from a phone booth in the so-called "white territory" which was barred to Negro soldiers.

Robinson lunged at the MP just as his club was poised to bash in Joe's skull. Ray and the MP went down with Ray on top. He pinned the man to the floor without hurting the MP. If Robinson had slugged him he knew it would mean a court martial. Negro troops rioted in resentment after they learned of the attempted attack on Louis. Ray and Joe emerged complete victors — they received official apologies from the camp commandant.

Then there was that ugly afternoon of June 24, 1951, when Ray was almost lynched by a hostile mob of 25,000 belligerent fight fans in Berlin's Waldbuehne Amphitheatre. Sugar had scored a clean second-round knockout over Gerhardt Hecht, light-heavyweight hope of the "master race." But the prejudiced German referee disqualified Ray for what he called an "illegal kidney punch."

The crowd started to boo Robinson, then stoned him and

heaved empty soda bottles until, in desperation, Ray scampered under the ring apron.

As he huddled under that ring in Germany, Sugar Ray may have looked something less than a champion. Then the inside story flashed around the world — how Robinson had entered the stadium *knowing* almost every other human in the place was dead against him. And from Melbourne to Memphis, from Calcutta to Kansas City, sport fans doffed their hats to another proof of a champion's courage.

Weeks later, the champ was framed in Italy as a Communist sympathizer. His name was exposed as one of those signing the Red's "Berlin Peace Petition." Robinson was fighting mad but helpless to do anything about it, with his fists. In the confusion of signing autographs one day, someone shoved a form in his hand and he signed his name without looking at it closely.

The frame was in retaliation for the block-busting attacks he had made on the Communists in Paris in 1950 but it didn't work. He was on the record for blasting the Reds and their attempts to depict the Negro's life in the U. S. as slavery. American Marshall Plan Ambassador Milton Katz hailed Robinson as a "friendly diplomat who reflects the true value of our democracy."

#### **Lost a Decision to His Mother**

In the ring there were only three fights Ray ever lost. There was only one battle he lost outside of the ring and that was with his mother.

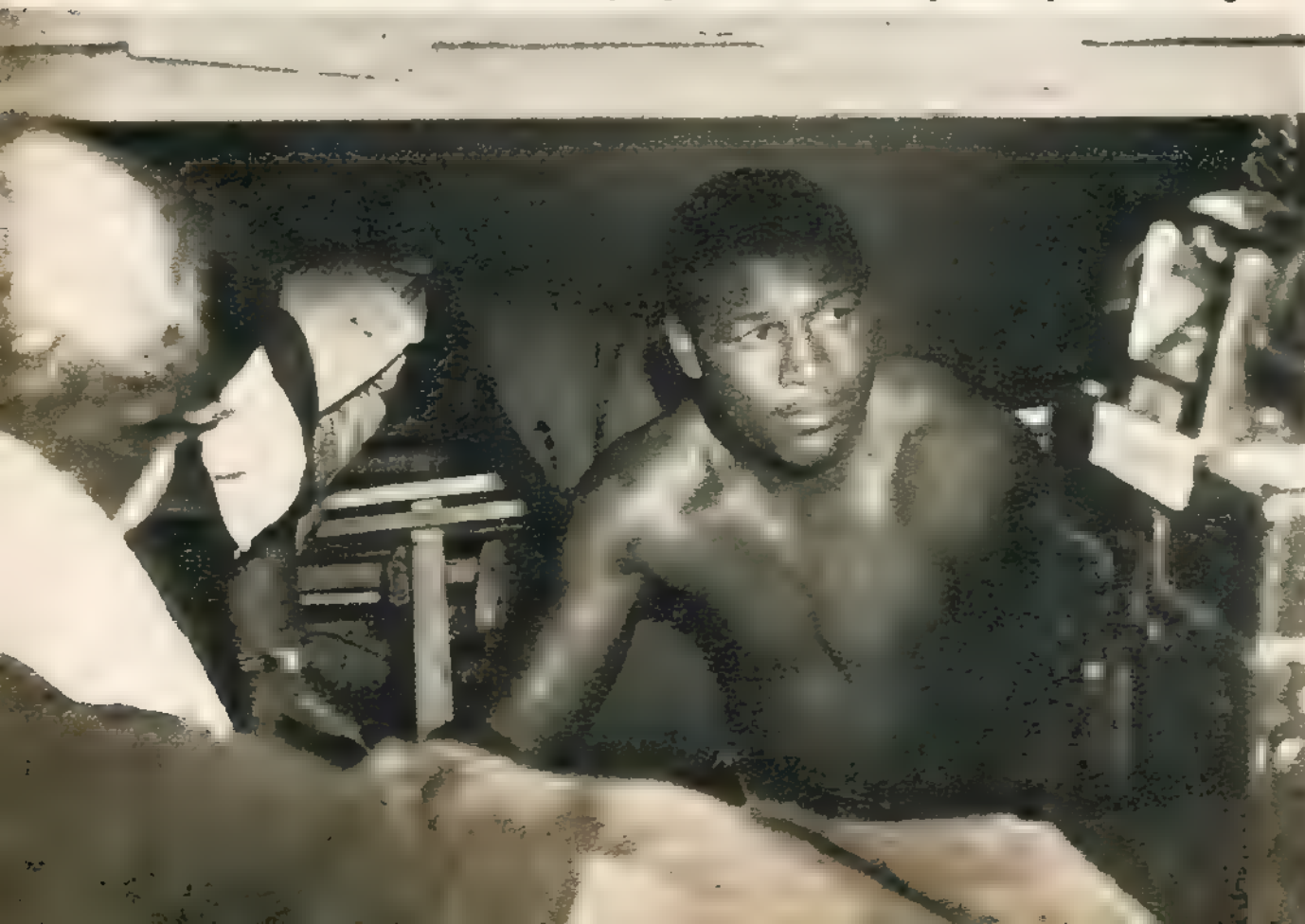
It was when Ray was in his teens. He was living with his impoverished mother and her two other children in a shabby Harlem coldwater flat. His mother had forbidden Ray to fight for money.

Without her knowledge, he had been battling on the "Bootleg Boxing Circuit" under a phoney name. Sugar had piled up \$1,500 boxing almost every night and sometimes twice a night.

Before he got home he would hide the money in his shoes. One night he mustered enough courage to present Mom with his boxing bankroll. When Ray had to tell her how he made it she gave him the worst licking of his career. At least the beating stands out in his mind much more vividly than the defeats handed him by Jake La Motta, Randy Turpin or Joey Maxim. Quite a mother . . . quite a champion.

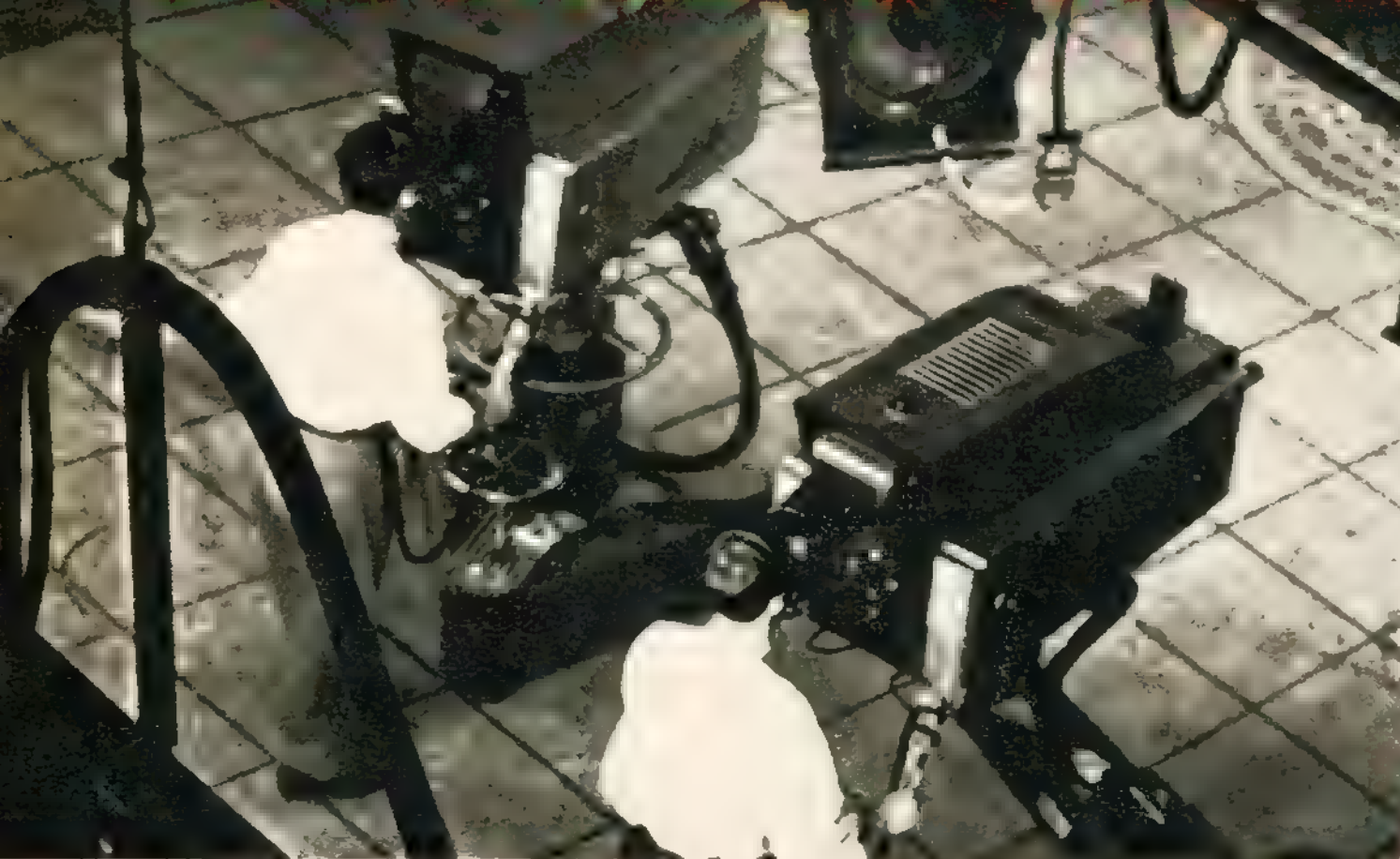
▲▲▲

On European tour, Robinson KO'd Aryan light-heavy Gerhardt Hecht, was driven under ring (below) by bottle barrage from hysterical Nazi mob. Later he was rushed to safety by West German police (photo at right).





# MILLION DOLLAR SHAKEDOWN IN TV



ABC vice president Alex. Stronach called racket a "vicious practice" held over from radio's infancy.



Television's top shows are the target for a vicious racket — pay off, or else...!

By HORTON STREETE

**T**HE TOP SHOWS of television are being victimized by a \$5,000,000 shakedown racket. It's about as subtle as a Lou Costello pratfall and, with apologies to the chubby comedian, far more dangerous.

Name your 10 most popular living room entertainers and the odds are excellent that better than half have had their shows raided by this sly scheme for side dough. But they'd make certain there were no microphones around before they ever whispered the truth about television's money vampires. For this is one ruse where, with rare exception, even the sucker is scared to scream.

Top targets for this video boodle game are programs like the Bob Hope and Milton Berle stanzas, the Jimmy Durante and Fred Waring shows. To say any one program is a victim of the leeches is impossible but to say that dozens suffer from payola poisoning, at one time or another, is shameful fact. To understand how it can happen, you need an introduction to the behind-scenes operations of TV.

Once you get that picture, it's easy to see how the shakedown is better than a license to steal. Here's how it works:

Many of the top TV shows are produced by so-called independents. In general, that means companies who get their own ideas, write their own scripts and hire their own stars — but who keep down overhead by renting network studios to stage their dramas and "renting" necessary technical help as well, such as cameramen, sound mixers, technical directors, etc., right down to the stagehands who haul the props around.

These independents are in a tricky position, because the technical hands they work with are paid by the networks. Producers learned early in the game that complaining about a sloppy or indifferent worker only got them a bad reputation, plus plenty of trouble with the unions, if they persisted.

It was easier to pay off, \$50 to a technical director who stayed on his toes, a \$20-dollar bill to a cameraman who





Grafters try hardest to put bite on big-budget shows featuring stars like Jimmy Durante, Milton Berle,



Bob Hope, and others. "Take" on single shows has hit \$500,000 yearly and driven some programs off air.

took pains with his shooting angles and so on, even to five-spots for assorted stage hands.

At first, it was gratitude money and the independent producer didn't worry too much about it, because it was small enough to slide into his expense accounts under "Miscellaneous." It started to get bad, though, when news of the pay-offs leaked out and everyone wanted to get into the act. Prices started climbing and the boys involved dropped the slightest pretenses of tact and good manners. The squeeze got so blatant that secrecy was also tossed in the ash can.

New producers are now brazenly informed that there'll have to be an arrangement "for the boys." One of the most successful independents told this reporter that a technical director took him aside the first day he appeared on a TV set.

"Look," the director said, "if you can spare a little extra dough for me and my boys, we'll give you a little extra attention."

"What if I don't want to?" snapped the amazed producer.

"Well, ya know we can slow down production — louse up your show," warned the technician. "The stagehands will take their time, the cameramen can slow rehearsals. He can fluff a shot when you're on the air you know. Your sponsor won't like that."

"What the hell," the producer told this writer, "I went along with him. I had to. He could ruin me and the show, if he really wanted to. Besides I could pass these pay-offs on to my sponsors 'as incidental expenses."

#### Has a Shakedown Payroll of \$1,200 Weekly

From that day on, the producer was forced to make up a weekly pay-off payroll of \$200 for 20 chiselers on the show. And these are men who are already getting nice salaries of \$125 to \$250 a week to do the job *without* a "little extra something." Another producer, a specialist in audience participation shows, now has a shakedown payroll of \$1,200 a week.

The racket's spreading and, in some cases, even producers and directors hired by the networks are getting taken. These victims are "free lancers," hired on contract terms, rather than salary, and anxious to make the best impression on their studio bosses. In order to show off to the best advantage, they're willing to shell out from their own pockets.

But there are indications that, like all grafters before them, the television heisters may be killing their golden goose. Rumblings of indignant protest already are heard along New York's Madison Avenue, where the big ad agencies live. Not too long ago, the first whiffs of this malodorous scandal blew through the respected pages of the trade publication *Advertising Age*. Max Banzhaf, advertising

director for the million-dollar Armstrong Cork Company, which sponsors the TV drama "Circle Theater," lashed the shakedown as a type of pilfering that could "ruin the industry."

One of his associates, Ben Duffy, spoke up for Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborn, the ad agency which handles the Armstrong show. He admitted, at least indirectly, that the company's show had been bled by the TV thieves, when he was asked whether "extra fees" were being ladled out to the program's technical aides.

"We're not paying any extras I know of," said Duffy. "We stopped that."

It's to be hoped he did, but dozens of other producers have had no such luck.

#### The Racket Has a Long History

Still another spokesman, ABC network vice president Alexander Stronach, has revealed the racket has a long history.

"It is a vicious practice carried over from the infancy of radio," he said.

A CBS executive, who insisted on anonymity, backed that up with his personal experiences, recalling the days when an internationally-known food manufacturer used to pay an engineer on the Kate Smith show "a little something" to make sure the "Moon Came Over the Mountain" in good singing style. At least one of Fred Allen's many radio sponsors also kicked in \$50 a week to the engineer on his radio shows.

In the days of radio, such gravy grabs weren't too serious. Technical help on even (Continued on page 46)



In heyday of radio, shows like Kate Smith program paid "peanut" graft of \$50 weekly. Bite on TV shows run from \$250 to thousands weekly because technical crews have increased vastly and racketeers are far stronger.



# ... Why MARLON BRANDO Isn't Even Half Safe

Here's what his best  
friends won't tell him...

By KENNETH G. McLAIN

**W**HEN MARLON BRANDO recently swaggered off the set of "The Egyptian," packed his toothbrush and flew to New York to hole up for a season with his psychiatrist, Hollywood howled, "Headline hunting!" While Twentieth Century-Fox was busy belting him with a \$2,000,000 damage suit for breaking his contract, his psychiatrist issued a statement that came nearer the truth.

"He's a very sick and very confused young man," said Dr. Bela Mittelman, after Brando had an emergency couch conference in his offices at 130 East 67th Street. "What he needs is rest and understanding."

Brando's friends, especially his girl friends, have been trying to understand him ever since he hit New York in 1943, at 19, with a wardrobe of tight dungarees and ripe T-shirts and a penchant for slumming. Today, at age 30, with an envious record of theatrical and film achievement behind him, Brando is still prowling the Big Town like a dead-end kid looking for cheap thrills in a back alley at midnight.

Brando avoids name night clubs, celebrities, good tailors, nice girls, and polite conversation as studiously as he steers shy of showers, a comb, the laundry, and grammar. His hunting preserves are fly-specked Eighth Avenue bars, Greenwich Village cafes featuring sawdust and sex, quarter-a-dance halls on 14th Street, just off the Bowery, and the



He operates like a tomcat—prowling the back alleys in the dark of the moon.





**Shelley Winters darned Marlon's socks, used to clean his rooms, eventually dusted Brando, too.**



**Torrid-tempered Mexican actress, Movita, made him choose her or pet racoon; Marlon took racoon.**



**While helping wet-nurse Brando, Roberta Haynes fell for him and shed hubby, then got the boot.**

aromatic balconies of West 42nd Street movie emporiums. He counts his quarry in the hundreds and he prefers one-night stands.

Physically, Brando is a magnificent five-foot, nine-inch male animal with a brawler's torso and arms rippling with muscles. His sullen swagger, heavy lips and hooded eyes set in a strongly molded face, and his guttural speech mark him as the Stone Age type. But any of his millions of female fans who coddle a sinful desire to have this refugee from Lifebuoy haul them off to his musky bed by the hair had better dial her libido to another channel.

Brando's alley-cattin' is a cover-up for the fact that he's just a kitten when it comes to love. He's the passive type who prefers his women aggressive but is nagged by the knowledge that men are expected to be the aggressors. He keeps the lid nailed down on his doubts about his masculine prowess by hammering away at romance as though it were a mechanical operation. The only chance a gal has for a lasting romance with a hit-run lover of Brando's stripe is to be not only his mistress, but also his mother. Marlon, the he-man, is happiest when he is being babied.

#### **Marlon Burbled Baby Talk to Her by the Hour**

Movita, the aging celluloid siren, was wise to Brando's psychological flaw and had one of the longest amours on record with this ricocheting Romeo. She met Marlon while doing a bit role in "Viva Zapata," in which he was co-starred. Movita had played opposite Clark Gable in "Mutiny on the Bounty" 15 years previously, and actually was old enough to be Marlon's mother. She toiled over the two-burner for him, kept his athletic socks rinsed out, and finally moved into his Los Angeles apartment although she had to share their bed with Brando's pet racoon, Russell. Friends say Marlon burbled baby talk to Movita by the hour. As a housekeeper he found her indispensable.

But when it came to a decision on whether to take her or Russell on a trip to New York, the racoon got the nod. Movita stubbornly followed and set herself up as a squatter in his Manhattan flat, 37 West 52nd Street, which he promptly abandoned for Europe. The actress stayed behind and busied herself by furnishing the flat with the homey items that make a man want to stick by his fireside. She charged the bills to Brando, but he made her pay them when he returned. Before making a fast exit, Movita booted Brando where it really hurt: she kicked his darling Russell.

Movita had moved cautiously into the rummage sale Romeo's life, but many women have frightened Brando off by being too aggressive. Such was the case of a dark-eyed brunette who had the hots for Lover Boy and offered him a long-term lease on her natural resources. He cooled her

with one of the inimitable crudities from his collection of slighting remarks, "B. O." Brando told her she was offensive to his sense of smell.

On the rebound, this wounded blossom married a man old enough to have a daughter her age. Hoping that marital competition might rouse a little lust in Brando, she invited him to a party following the nuptials. No sooner had Brando arrived than the new wife's stepdaughter began pitching subtleties in his direction. The girl's technique was apparently more pleasant, because she got the green light. Five hours later they were having a private party of their own.

This affair, like most of Brando's, was brief, but he has been known to keep platonic friendships intact for years. A girl who walked into Brando's life from the sidewalks of Greenwich Village, when she was only a teenager, recalls sleeping by his side many a night during the years she knew him—with only dreams for distraction. This admiring maiden sat by the hour watching Brando, his curly-haired chest stripped, flex his muscles. He often asked her, in his best Mickey Spillane manner, "What would you do if I said you couldn't leave this room without making love to me?" But the question was academic.

One day while playing big brother to this girl, Marlon got a phone call from an old

*(Continued on page 52)*



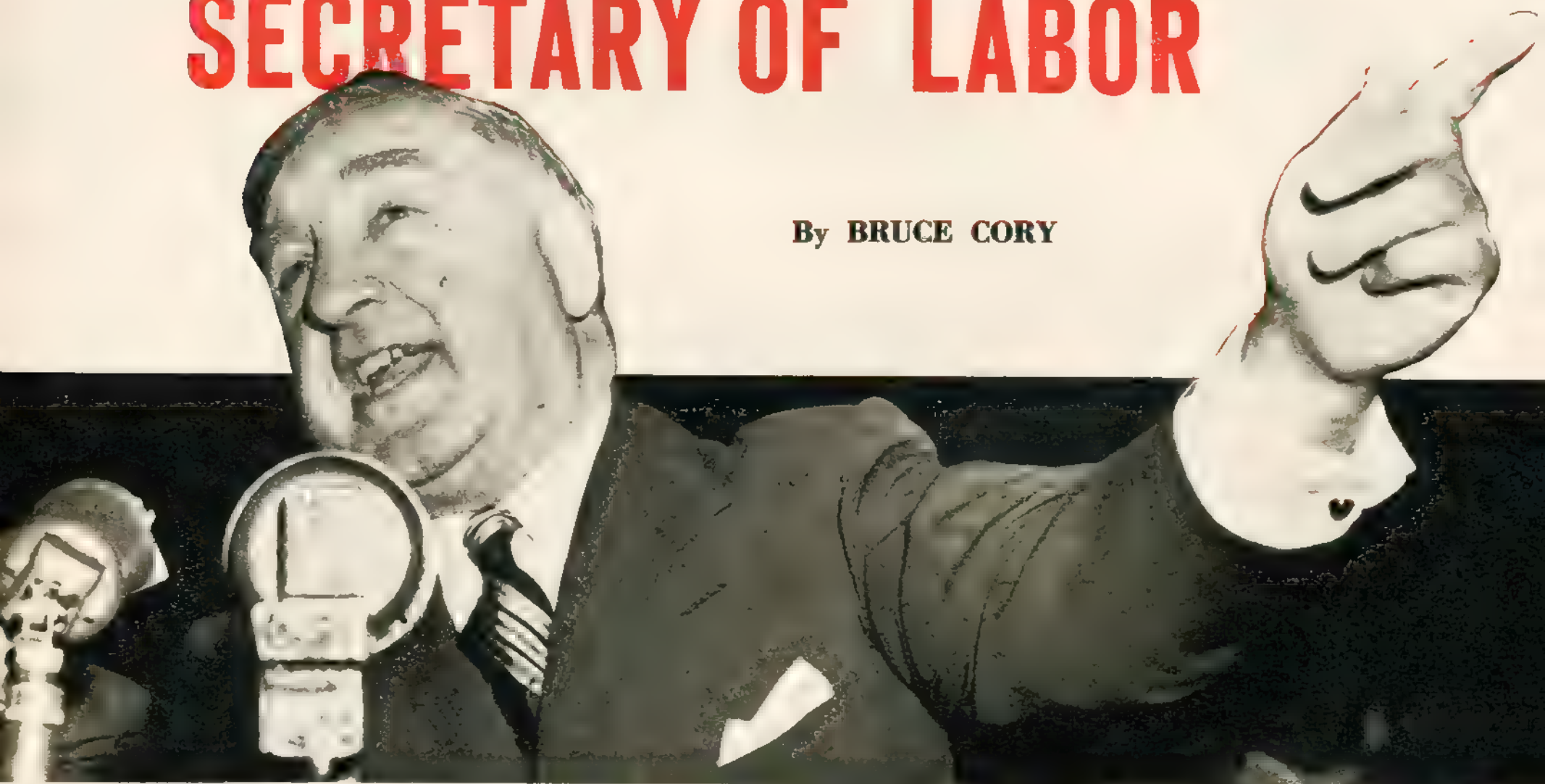
**Parents of movie tough guy gave him excellent home life, have to bear up under cockeyed Brando yarns that his mother drank and his father abused him.**



Over Two Beers and a Pretzel...

# PETRILLO NAMED PEGLER SECRETARY OF LABOR

By BRUCE CORY



On a historic day in Chicago, the Dictator of Blue, High and Bad notes dreamed he'd be President of the United States. Actually, he's already more powerful than the man in the White House!

**T**WO OF THE BOYS were whooping it up at the elbow-polished bar of New York's Waldorf-Astoria, while the world drifted by outside on Park Avenue, unaware that history was being made that night.

One of the lads quaffing the pilsner — the word beer is considered vulgar in Waldorf circles — was the man with savage eyebrows and an acid-proof typewriter who goes by the name of Westbrook Pegler. The other, a foot shorter than Pegler, was James Caesar Petrillo, the guy that put the Lost Chord on a union scale and double pay for overtime.

The proposition that had just been made to Pegler on that night back in 1940 was that the noted syndicated columnist be made Secretary of Labor.

Now Pegler, under any kind of administration in the White House, has about as much chance of becoming Secretary of Labor as Polly Adler has of being elected national chairman of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. But the "Little Caesar" who made the proposal was only half-kidding. "Now when I get to be President of the United States," he was saying . . .

Petrillo's new sense of power didn't come from the malt

— but from the membership. The membership, that is, of the American Federation of Musicians which a few weeks before had elected him their national president. Petrillo was already marching up glory road. That march has been made during the past 14 years to the tune of high notes, blue notes and quite a few C-notes. "Little Caesar" still isn't President of the United States, but he has a lot more power than Eisenhower; and Pegler maintains that Petrillo has a lot more money.

#### Petrillo Isn't Worried about His Enemies

The curious friendship that led Pegler to join Petrillo in quaffing some of the latter's favorite pilsner also has ended. A few months ago Pegler called "Little Caesar" a "blatant, vulgar tyrant of the union rackets," thereby losing any possible chance of becoming Secretary of Labor in a Petrillo cabinet.

But Petrillo isn't worried about his enemies. The pudgy, pugnacious, owl-faced czar of American and Canadian musicians has made it clear as a high note on a piccolo that dictators *can happen here*. As of today, he has the world





Columnist Westbrook Pegler was unflattered by offer of top cabinet post "when and if" Petrillo became President, later termed music czar "vulgar, blatant tyrant."

of music in a strait jacket and his drive for power is newly equipped with jet engines.

This dictator from Chicago's west-side slums is the highest paid labor leader in the world, the most expensively and flashily dressed — and probably the most illiterate. He isn't impressed that he controls the greatest artists of music. Petrillo's approach to culture resembles the last walk of the over-age horse to the glue factory.

"Since when," he once said, "is there any difference between Heifetz playing a fiddle and the fiddler in a bar and grill?" In one sense there isn't — both owe their pork chop money to Petrillo.

He has taken on single-handed the biggest names in music, in show business, radio, TV, and, so far, he has licked them all. He has forced Air Force bands to retire from the scene and has replaced them at patriotic rallies with his toot-for-pay union musicians. For years he had recording moguls screaming in their shellac.

One of "Little Caesar's" actions that really shocked the

country was his annihilation of the American Guild of Musical Artists, led by the noted singer, Lawrence Tibbett. The AGMA was formed in 1936 and by the time Petrillo was bossing the American Federation of Musicians, Tibbett's select group had enrolled 1,800 members, including such artists as Heifetz, Lily Pons, Gladys Swarthout, Ezio Pinza, Jose Iturbi, Efram Zimbalist and Mischa Elman.

Said Petrillo: "They're musicians and they belong to me."

Tibbett asked help from the courts to stand off Petrillo's raiding. But they didn't move fast enough. Before they could get a restraining order, Petrillo had swallowed up the entire AGMA membership by threatening cancellation of all engagements where union musicians were employed.

"Little Caesar's" gall is divided into three parts. He swats the mechanical music makers, the live ones and his own membership. He can suspend or amend, *at his discretion*, the constitution of his union. This same constitution has a clause that permits Petrillo to revoke membership at will and levy fines up to \$5,000. And if you're expelled from the union, brother, you'd better look for a job as a track-walker. You just ain't blowing a horn no more.

#### Will He Be the Czar of All Showbusiness?

Petrillo currently is casting covetous eyes at another union, the American Guild of Variety Artists, which boasts such headline names as Bob Hope and Jimmy Durante. This AFL union has some 20,000 singers, dancers and other performers in the variety field.

Petrillo, sensing that the public might be incensed if he dealt low blows to their TV favorites, is staging this campaign subtly with his own type of guerrilla warfare. His musicians simply refuse to play along with AGVA talent.

"Petrillo is not only trying to destroy our union," says Jackie Bright, AGVA president, "he is trying to set himself up as the over-all czar of the entertainment industry."

The only setback that Petrillo has received during his 14 years in office came from Congress, which apparently has only a minority of musicians. Back in 1946, the Lea Act — commonly known as the Anti-Petrillo Bill — was passed; it is the only national legislation ever put on the books with a single labor leader in mind.

The law forbids Petrillo to halt public performances of high school bands and similar musical organizations. It also brought an end to Petrillo's insistence on the employment of "stand-by" orchestras of professional musicians when amateurs appear (Continued on page 60)

In 1948 an order from Czar Petrillo halted all recording activities, affecting stars like Tibbett, Peerce,

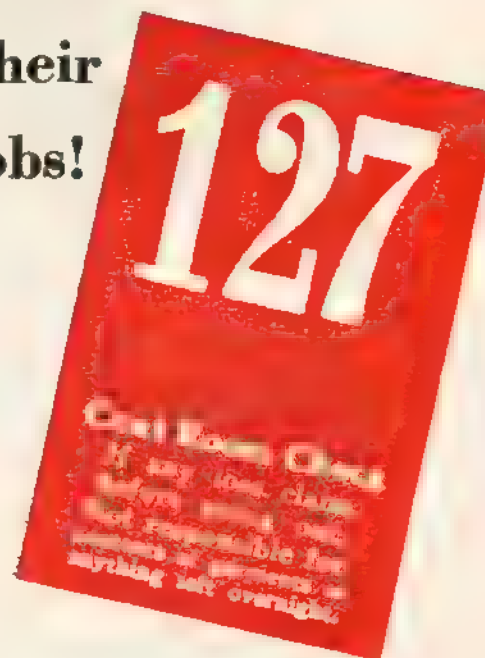
Swarthout and Kirsten, shown in mass recording session heralding the end of Petrillo's 11-month restriction.







Here's the inside on the fedora fillies, who must stimulate your generosity — for their bosses — or lose their jobs!



# Tip-Off

## on Hat-Check Girls!

By J. SHIRLEY FREW

**I**F 1954 MATCHES years gone by, nearly 50,000 pert, pretty kids—from the corn cribs of Ohio, the cotton fields of Alabama and points in between—will enlist in that curvaceous army, the hat-check brigade. Probably not one of that number will have read or even heard of a recently completed New York social study which would make most of them change their minds.

Buried in this volume of dry statistics are some grim odds, the mathematical chances of a hat-check girl, turning into a call girl. It's exactly five times more liable to happen than with the girl who decides to prance in a chorus

line, 12 times more probable than with those who decide to become secretaries, and a whopping 31 times more likely than for the average, run-of-the-mill girl.

These facts are no reason for hat-check girls to form protest parades down every Main Street. The writer wants to *emphasize* that not *all* of them turn to cuddling for coin. Not even the majority! But the unpleasant facts are that students of big-city environments are now working overtime to determine why so many check their morals after a few years of checking hats.

### Lost Illusions Pave Way to Vice Careers

One of the prettiest girls ever to grab a fedora in Manhattan was Marguerite Cordova, a dark-eyed Latin who plied her trade at a Swank East Side jazz joint, The Embers. Then the Minot "Mickey" Jelke vice investigation spilled all over New York nightlife. Men who'd cherished Margie's toothy smiles when she passed them their hats, were stunned to learn she'd been plying a more ancient trade between stints at the hat rack.

Nor was that the worst of it. More than half of the gilded doxies who took the stand in that shocking trial had served time as hatchicks, among them Erica (Scarlet Telephone) Steel and that buxom California peach, Pat Thompson. Remember raven-haired Nancy Hawkins, another temptress in the widespread probe? She'd not only been an houri of the homburgs but had worked in one of New York's best spots, the plush, oh-so-social El Morocco. Similar cases involved girls from other big name spots in Los Angeles, Philadelphia and San Francisco within the last 12 months.

What makes her do it, this clean-cut kid from the sticks who would have slapped the face of a boy in her home town who even suggested such a fate? In general, she's a dreamer. She takes that job thinking she'll make nice money, meet lots of celebrities, and maybe captivate a millionaire into leading her to the altar.

What reality gives her, instead, isn't so nice. She stands on her feet eight hours a night, five nights a week, for any-



Blonde Pat Thompson (left) and Erica "Scarlet Telephone" Steel rocked a Manhattan jury with testimony in trial of Minot "Mickey" Jelke for pandering. Before vice careers, both checked hats in Chicago nightclubs.





Long hours, low pay (sometimes as little as \$38 per week) prompt some hatchicks to cash in on their youth and beauty. Red-haired Marguerite Cordova blamed her aching feet as Embers Club checker for her downfall.



Buxom Nancy Hawkins once checked fedoras in ultra-chic El Morocco, later testified that wealthy playboys lured her into \$50-a-night call girl racket with whispered invitations, made as she retrieved their overcoats.

where from \$38 to \$50 per week, in the top spots, and considerably less in the second and third-rate joints. In a popular club, she'll wrestle an average of 300 topcoats or overcoats on and off customers every night. At about five pounds of weight per garment, and that's light, it means she hauls and hoists better than one ton of wool every working night. For this, she's trading her youth (age 18 is preferred and 35 is out in this business), as well as her good looks (choice places such as the Stork and El Morocco actually *audition* girls for their vacancies).

While she's developing muscles a bantam-weight boxer might envy, Miss Hatchick begins to take note of situations around her which would bring out the green dragon in a saint. Night after night, girls no prettier than she swirl past in clouds of expensive perfume, wrapped in minks 10 years of hat-check wages wouldn't buy.

The club's gossip circuits quickly give her the lowdown. That haughty blonde with the glittering diamond necklace is the mistress of a steel millionaire who can't spend his money fast enough. The beautiful brunette who collects pearl chokers like kids collect stamps is the girl friend a big dress manufacturer goes home to, instead of his wife.

#### Propositions Are Tough to Turn Down

The way those dolls are living isn't legal, but it looks mighty exciting, as well as profitable, to a kid who has to make a choice between going to a movie or having dinner on her night off, because she can't afford both. When the propositions start coming, they're tough to turn down, because they're voiced by the very same men who are taking such luxurious care of the sweeties the hat chick has come to envy.

Meantime, what about those golden dreams she started with? One actually does come true. She meets celebrities, all right, every night of the year. She even reaches the stage where she gives them a personal "Good Evening" and gets a return greeting. She soon learns, however, that notables careful of their reputation go no further, and those who pause to whisper sweet nothings are up to no good.

Nancy Hawkins' diary had dozens of entries which will give you an idea: the Hollywood movie star who picked her for a two-hour romance and gave her \$20, instead of the \$50 she had expected, or the Broadway producer who invited her to a swank Manhattan hotel, let her sit around two hours and—when no big urge overcame him—sent her home with \$5 for the cab.

The club where a hatchick works has thought way ahead of her about that millionaire she'd like to meet and maybe marry. Her employer has a rule she can't mingle with the customers—at least not in the place where she works. She can meet a date some place else, but remember, she's working five nights a week until 4:00 a.m. and the only spots left at that hour are all-night hamburger joints or after-hours bottle clubs.

#### Working Hours Are Too Rugged on Legit Boyfriends

If she has any brains, she skips the latter, because the average man who's been sluicing down giggle soup until just before dawn *cannot* be guaranteed even to stay on his feet, much less his good behavior, in the hours that follow. If the hatchick decides to duck the rum-pot playboy who keeps her kind of hours—to bed at dawn and up again at 4:00 p.m.—her choice of companions usually narrows down to a musician in the place where she works or an out-of-work youth with ambitions—but nothing else—to burn.

Let's also dispense with that pipe dream of being suddenly discovered by a talent scout and lifted, overnight, from a gal who checks minks to one who wears them. This writer talked to half a dozen men who hire the majority of New York's hatchicks and not one of them could recall a single example of hat-check-girl-becomes-starlet.

Don't get the idea from what we've said, so far, that this hat-check business belongs in the penny-ante league. Conservative estimates are that a flood of more than \$5,000,000 is paid out yearly by big city restaurants and nightclub patrons, merely for the privilege of reclaiming their own hats and coats and wearing them (Continued on page 46)



# From Bellevue to Broadway!

You knew him well, but you never knew he began his climb to fame the day a doctor gave him six months to live!

**T**HE THIN YOUNG MAN shuffled dejectedly down the dingy hallway and into the waiting room of the Free Clinic in New York's famed Bellevue Hospital. An attendant handed him a ticket and he waited quietly until it was his turn to step before the bored interne.

Almost at once, the medic waved the pale, slender youth into a smaller office and commanded him to strip to the waist. The doctor's forehead creased in a deep frown as he completed his more careful examination, then pity filled his eyes.

"I'm afraid I have very bad news for you," he said. "You have tuberculosis and it's in an advanced stage. If you don't get to the country and get some rest, I'd say you have no more than six months to live."

The patient reached dejectedly for his shirt and tie. The interne grabbed up a pad and scribbled a prescription. "In the meantime," he said, "take this to the dispensary and have it filled. It'll help a little."

The dark-eyed fellow walked slowly down the hall and passed the prescription through a window. A busy clerk didn't even glance up from the slip of paper as he snapped, "The medicine's free, but it'll cost you 10 cents for the bottle."

Wordlessly, the mortally ill patient turned away and walked out of the hospital. Not only sick, he was literally without a penny to his name, with no friend or relative to help him. But, as he walked aimlessly toward the heart of Manhattan, there was a dramatic change in his bearing. His shoulders squared up and a smile flickered on his lips.

## Audience Wouldn't Let Him Leave

Six months to live. . . . If that was it, he meant to make the best of it. He'd always loved the lights and gayety of show business. His friends had often told him he had magic in his voice. He knew exactly what he was going to do with his last 180 days on this earth.

That night he took his place in a Bowery cafe, singing his heart out for his food and something more wonderful — the rattle of applause which followed every tune. A week of it gave him the courage he needed for a bolder step. Entering a 14th Street theater, he went backstage and — before the theatre's manager could stop him — walked out before the glaring lights. His feet tapping out the beat, he broke into song — music as mellow as sunlight. The entranced audience would hardly let him leave.

Before he knew it, his six months were up, but he had sung death out of his life for half a century to come and was destined to become one of the most loved minstrels in the annals of show business. Had the doctor made a mistake? Or did the young man's decision to laugh, dance and sing work a magic more powerful than any medicine he could have swallowed.

The world will never know the answer to that question. But it will never forget Al Jolson, the boy who didn't have a dime to buy medicine—and turned to singing as the next best thing. ▲▲▲



There's No Society Like Cafe Society

# Gregg Sherwood's

## SHIFTLESS DODGE

BY ARTHUR WESTWOOD



Meet Horace, Jr., the only Dodge that ever ran on bourbon. He's a "Powerlite" papa who gave his girl friend a \$74,000 ring the night trained nurses held him upright for his engagement party!



SEE NEXT PAGE



**This Dodge never tried Ethyl; he was too busy with Lois, Muriel, Mickey, Clara, and now Gregg!**



Rare feat for Dodge was sitting at bar without holding on. His 84-year-old mother approved marriage to Gregg, who successfully kept him on beer for an entire year.



Gregg's second hubby, Walter Sherwin, took N. Y. Yankees for \$43,687. Most of loot went to her and her folks; he went to jail.

**W**HEN HORACE ELVIN DODGE, JR., a fun-loving boy of 54, married Gregg Sherwood, the former Dora Fjelstad, on February 20, 1953, a lot of optimistic people felt that this would mark the end of one of the most ridiculous farces since the era when "Daddy" Browning and his pretty protegee derived a certain satisfaction out of breakfasting in the nude. Not that Dodge would ever consider such a waste of time. After all, that would mean divesting himself of the clothes he passed out in the night before. But anybody who thought that marriage could put a stop to the Dodge shenanigans simply did not know what gives with the boy. And Horace Dodge will always be a boy and we might as well face it.

As for the present Mrs. Dodge, well, she will always be a girl, and that we enjoy facing. After all, it was not for nothing that she was known, at one time or another, as *Miss Donut Queen*, *Bubble-Gum Baby*, *Salami Queen*, and *Miss Bazooka* of 1949. Gregg is loaded. So, of course, is Horace, but not quite the same way. Naturally, all in the spirits of good clean fun.

To get a slight idea of what Horace must be like when he's in the sauce department, his mother, an 84-year-old dowager who would not possibly understand the meaning of *Miss Bazooka* — either of 1949 or any other year — approved of Gregg as a wife for her son because Gregg managed to keep him drinking nothing but beer for a whole year. As for what a candidate-for-Kinsey Horace must be, there is Gregg's observation that "He was much nicer on beer. He'd drink just so much and then get loley and fall off to sleep."

#### Wealth Brought Problems to Poor Horace

It should be clear by this point that Horace Elvin Dodge, Jr. has no intention of contributing even a penny to the Women's Christian Temperance League. In any case, the mating of two such minds as his and Miss Sherwood's should not be lightly dismissed. Nor can two such minds be examined together, so we'll begin with Horace's

Horace, as the heir presumptive to the Dodge motor fortune, has never exactly had to beg for carfare. But that can lead to problems. It did in Horace's case at least, for by the time of his father's death, Horace, Jr. had shown his mettle to such a staggering extent that dad's will left him only \$2,500 a year spending money, a sum, incidentally, that his mother increased to \$25,000 out of her own mad money.

Horace was 21 when he decided to investigate matrimony. His first bride was a socialite, Lois Knowlton, who bore him a son and a daughter. Even the patter of tiny feet could not keep Horace with Lois for longer than six years, however. He married another socialite, Muriel Sisman, in 1928. That also produced a son and daughter and, everything considered, must have been somewhat more agreeable than his first venture, for it endured five years longer.

Horace was just hitting his stride, though. His third marriage was a gem of — at least according to the divorce testimony which brought it to an end — impurest ray serene. This was with a girl named Mickey Devine out of Earl Carroll's *Vanities* by way of South Boston. And Southie was unquestionably her home town. Pretty as a picture, a real dream, but temper, temper, temper. Not, apparently, that Horace didn't provide occasion for it to flare up.

Miss Devine sued for divorce on grounds of just about everything short of Horace's having robbed poorboxes. It must have been a strain on Horace's mother to read her daughter-in-law's testimony. Among other things, Miss Devine said that her husband was constantly plastered

and that he had peeked across the petunias at — literally — hundreds of girls. If that was true, naturally Horace must be a better man than is suspected. But Miss Devine did specify several women, among them the sister of Horace's second wife. Then, too, there was his yacht, which, out of respect for her, he had named the *Vanities*. It seems he was always taking girls aboard to show them the moon through a porthole. In this instance, Miss Devine had a witness — Mike, the skipper of the *Vanities*.

According to Mike, there was one afternoon when Mrs. Dodge was ashore and he and his employer were alone on the yacht. Presently, a lovely young thing came aboard. Dodge, who was naked under his bathrobe, instructed Mike to stand watch to warn him if Mrs. Dodge should loom from shore. Then Horace took the debutante by the hand and led her downstairs. They must have been playing post office only a few minutes when Mike spied Mickey heading toward the *Vanities* in a tender.

#### Other Woman Escaped in the Nick of Time

Racing downstairs to warn his boss, he burst into the master's cabin. Horace and his companion were in bed naked. Dodge screamed, "Get her to hell out of here quick!"

"She jumped out of bed stark naked and I handed her her clothes," said Mike. "She put on her bloomers and a slip and stockings and shoes and a light coat."

The girl raced up the stairway and Mike got her away in a tender tied to the opposite side from which Mrs. Dodge was approaching. It was obviously a narrow escape for Horace. As for Mike, it must have so unsettled his otherwise leathery nerves that eventually he had to blurt out the whole hilarious story to Mickey.

But that wasn't the only thing Mickey objected to in her



Dodge's third wife, Mickey, chased hot blonde over side of yacht as love pirate Horace ran below in bathrobe. She won a divorce settlement of \$3,000,000.

complaint against Horace. What, she wanted to know, did he mean by spending, and in a time of shortages, \$1,400 on a gross of nylons for another of his good and comforting companions. Mickey got the divorce and a settlement that was variously estimated as anywhere between one and three million dollars.

Horace's fourth marital venture took place while he was a major in the army and, as befit his profession of the moment, it was to a WAC. The thing to remember about that one was that Major Dodge addressed her as "My little half-pint." Not that it matters, but you might also — just in case you wish to show that you're really up on Dodge doings — refer to it as the one that took place in 1948.

While all this splendor was falling on castle walls, out in Beloit, Wisconsin a girl was growing up. She was no ordinary girl, because she was one day to be chosen *Miss Wisconsin* and in 1943 to place fifth in the *Miss America* beauty contest at Atlantic City. Her name was Dora Fjelstad and she was a child of the impoverished, her stepfather eking out a bare livelihood from odd jobs.

#### A "New" Gregg Returned to the Big Town

Dora has never said so, but it is possible that lying there at night in her dingy house she dreamed great dreams, although it is inconceivable that they could have included being the daughter-in-law of a woman who owned an estate valued at more than \$5,000,000. But she knew that she had looks and a lovely, lovely body. The boys all told her so and one of them was so impressive and persuasive that she married him. It didn't last long, though, because her mother, who had better things in mind for her child than somebody from Beloit, had it annulled.

Dora's advent in New York was something less than sensational. She had a problem that Dick Haymes might not have resented, but model agencies did. Her hair, which was much darker than it is now, made her photograph like Rita Hayworth. When her funds ran out and there was no prospect of a job, she returned to Beloit and worked there answering the phone for a taxi company during the day and as a welder at night. After she had saved enough to see her through a Manhattan season, she returned to the wonderful town.

This time she was a "real" blonde, her teeth had been capped, her nose bobbed, and the results were startling. She obtained work without

(Continued on page 62)



List of Gregg's modeling triumphs covered everything from *Miss Wisconsin* to *Bubble-gum Baby*, *Salami Queen*, *Miss Plunging Neckline*, and *Miss Pucker-up*.



# GEORGE RAFT—

# Dice Cheat or Fall Guy?



**The loser who dropped \$10,000  
in that famous crap game  
where Raft tossed 13 passes  
hollered "Gyp!" He was  
right, but the real crook was  
never named—till now....**



Actual dice used in game were specially photographed (at right) to show mis-spotting. Note same numbers on both sides of cubes. Called "dinner dice" by cheats, they are manipulated into game for sure-thing bets.

By DICK NEVILLE

**T**HERE WERE NINE MEN and three women watching, the night George Raft made 13 straight passes. They were huddled in a tight semicircle in the swank East Side Manhattan apartment of baseball's flannel-mouthed manager, Leo "Lippy" Durocher. Outside 46 East 61st Street, tinges of gray were starting to wash the morning sky, but no one noticed such an unimportant detail as a suave, dark-haired man picked up a pair of dice, flipped them to Raft and said, "It's your shot, Georgie."

What happened next made headlines later. But the newspaper reports never told the full story. Here it is—exactly as it happened—and proving, once and for all, that Raft never knew he was a patsy for a crooked professional gambler the night he won \$10,000.

Georgie scooped up those dominoes, slapped them against a wall expertly and kept going for 13 money-making chapters. Most of the crowd watching those hopping ivories tossed in big wads of dough betting Raft's

winning streak wouldn't last. They paid no particular attention to the swarthy man who tossed Georgie the dice and kept backing him to the hilt.

Much later, they got to wondering why this character was so sure of Raft's luck—even to taking out-of-line odds like three-to-two on throwing a four or ten, when he should have been getting two-to-one. The answer was that only two people in that ill-fated crowd of 13 knew the dice were hand-tailored—the evening's real crook, Tony Zambelli, named here for the first time, and his sweetheart shill, a girl named Ruth. The last man to discover what had really gone on was Raft.

On his fourteenth pass, Raft "sevened out" and stood up to catch his breath and look over his winnings. Our story might have stopped there, had it not been for a set of circumstances as hard to match as Georgie's "luck." Eight months later, in November, 1944, Martin "Nat" Shurin, an East Coast manufacturer of airplane parts,

went to New York's District Attorney Hogan. As many will remember, Shurin signed a complaint charging he had lost \$18,500 in a crooked crap game in Durocher's apartment, with Raft as its master-mind.

From the standpoint of a gentleman's code, the story couldn't have been worse. For instance, Durocher wasn't even in his own house at the time. He had given Raft a key to the place and permission to use it while he, Leo, was in Bear Mountain, N. Y., at a wartime baseball spring training camp. Even so, Durocher nearly got tossed out of baseball, on the mere suspicion of knowing people who'd use his house for such antics.

From Hollywood, the sleek "bad man" of many a celluloid thriller snapped his denial. He hadn't fixed a thing, Raft replied. While on a visit to New York, he had gone to Durocher's apartment with a bunch of other men, when a wartime curfew shut off the supply of drinks to his rooms in the Sherry-Netherland Hotel. Others in the party called up and invited still more people over to Durocher's apartment. Raft didn't even know all the people in the place and recalled someone else had suggested a dice game.

To top it off, Raft said his winnings were \$10,000, not \$18,500, and that he'd been paid off with two checks which eventually bounced. By this time, madder than any character he'd ever portrayed on the screen, Raft promised to sue one and all involved for criminal libel.

Shortly thereafter, the story skidded from the front pages and the fans—of galloping dominoes, as well as Raft—were left to decide for themselves whether Shurin had been taken and, if so, whether Raft had been the master crook.

## A Player WAS Given the Works!

Those who voted "yes" on both questions were only half right. Shurin was given the works. But, far from being the "operator" in this phony game, Raft never knew until months later that he, too, had been a patsy for one of the smoothest Fagins in modern gambling history.

If mixing chance and larceny happen to be your business, you know Tony Zambelli as the inventor of "Dinner Dice." They're mis-spotted cubes with which you can throw any number—except seven and craps (two, three or 12). For the uninitiated, that means a set of dice with which you can't lose. Naturally, they're not the kind you'd roll into a game at the beginning, because the first player would go on winning forever. So Zambelli always had an ordinary pair to open with. When the betting started to get as loose as a politician's promise, he'd switch the guaranteed-profitable dice into the game—make half a dozen or more passes—and then switch back to honest boxes.

It was the next best thing to an agent's fee on the U. S. Mint, with one serious drawback. Smart customers in the game, who scooped up Zambelli's "dinner dice" and examined them on a hunch, immediately thereafter gave their owner a beating he sometimes barely survived. Having collected several large shipments of lumps, Zambelli refined his dodge by arranging it so he pushed his phony dice to another player, who then got all the exercise. Zambelli would just bet with the supposedly hot roller and collect side money. When the gyp went as far as he figured he could stretch it, he'd make a pretense of stopping a roll

of the dice and shift the honest cubes back in the game.

That's exactly what happened the night Raft made 13 passes at Durocher's house. While Georgie was cleaning up \$10,000—the hard way, so far as he knew—Zambelli was tossing in a bankroll on what he knew to be a sure thing. If anyone had spotted the "dinner dice," Raft's handsome features would have gotten rearranged, not Zambelli's. While Georgie got himself 10 G's, this artist at taking no chances raked in \$30,000.

The truth might not be out, even now, had it not been for Zambelli's girl, Ruth. As mentioned earlier, she had been a "shill" for the game and, according to the laws of the underworld, was entitled to 10 percent of her crooked lover's take. When she tried to collect, Ruth got just \$500 and, when she squawked, she got something else—a black eye. After months of this treatment, she walked out on the gambler and down to the New York district attorney's office, bringing along the pair of phony dice.

## Gambling Detective Identified the Dice

Assistant D. A. Larry McKenna called in Michael "Mickey" MacDougall, famed gambling detective, who took one look at the college-bred cubes and confirmed they were the handiwork of Tony Zambelli. Shortly thereafter, Shurin—still unaware that Raft had also been an innocent dupe of this master cheat—made his charge. Everyone involved, except Zambelli, got together later and compared notes, to discover something none of them would have believed possible. Men and women of the world, all of them, they'd been taken by a slick stranger who made his phony dice earn money for him without ever touching the cubes while they worked.

Under the circumstances, you can't blame one of the superstitious members of the group who muttered, as they broke it up, "13 in the game and Raft makes 13 passes—I knew something had to be wrong." ▲▲▲



Money, held in usual gambler's style, folded around middle finger, also forms cradle to hold phony dice until they're switched into game by hot "manipulator." Orthodox cubes go into same pocket till killing's made.



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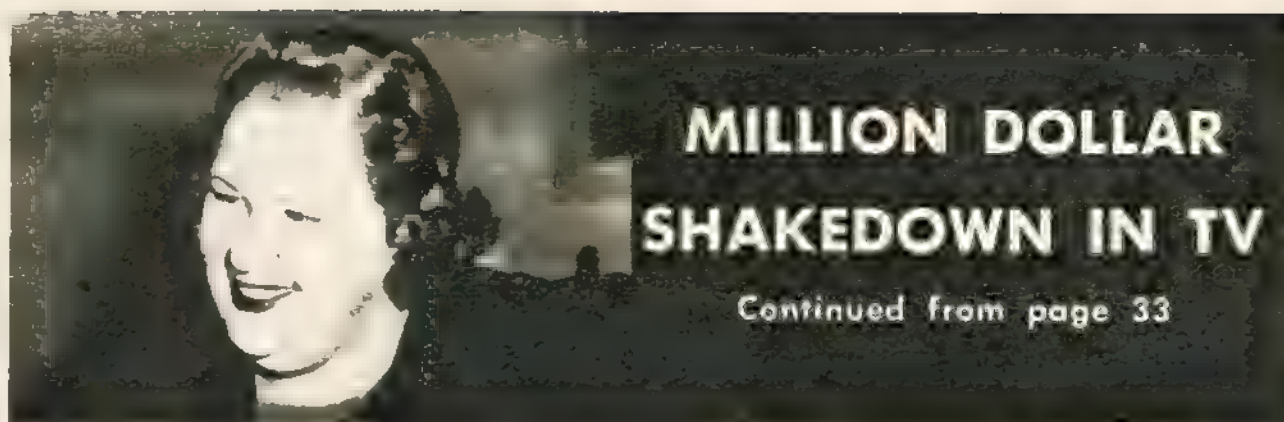
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## MILLION DOLLAR SHAKEDOWN IN TV

Continued from page 33

the biggest shows seldom went beyond three or four men. Television aggravates such a situation because the behind-scenes staff can run to hundreds of workers and the bandit tab can be ruinous. In one recent case it was; the sponsor had been forced to lay out \$500,000 in graft and eventually junked the show as not being worth all that cash.

### Mapping Drastic Measures

Misadventures along this line—and there have been plenty—have so roused the entire industry that drastic measures to kill this parasite are now being mapped by such organizations as the American Association of Advertising Agencies and the National Association of Radio and TV broadcasters.

The chances of putting anyone behind bars are almost nil, however, and the possibilities of even halting the racket aren't too bright. One suggestion has been that producers band together and make a pact to refuse payoffs. Such a scheme isn't likely to succeed because there'll always be a few fall guys willing to pay a price to get a sharper show than the next man.

And when a few don't abide by the plan, the practice is sure to start all over again.

There is, however, one trap the pocketeers of these ill-gotten gains may have forgotten. They can take this reporter's word for it that their depredations are finally drawing the attention of the T-men. Since most of the payoffs are in cash, some of "the boys" never bothered declaring their loot. Like many another grafter, they've thus been living it up at \$25,000-a-year clips while declaring incomes of \$8,000 and \$10,000 per annum. They could wind up on the front pages and, shortly thereafter, in federal clinks.

### Watch That Fluff

The networks and big advertising agencies are waging increasingly tough warfare against the grabby guys, but the chiselers are giving up their undercover loot reluctantly.

Sitting at home watching your favorite TV shows, you may see signs of the battle—a "fluff" that might actually be accidental and no one's fault. On the other hand, it could be the pay-off boys, showing what they mean by "or else."



## TIP-OFF ON HAT-CHECK GIRLS

Continued from page 39

home. Many a lush nightspot has actually been launched on money paid out for the hat-check concession, and there's hardly a bistro boss in Miami, New York or Hollywood who won't admit lean periods when this side swag was all that kept him going.

Consider a few examples of the "take": New York's Latin Quarter is reliably reported to get \$55,000 for its hat-check concession, the Copacabana nets \$50,000. Scale that down to the hundreds of small restaurants getting \$150 per week for the same

service and it's plain this is income with a capital "I." In Manhattan, the man who lays out that loot is Abe "Hat-Check King" Ellis. He's never published any exact figures on what he gets back, but Ellis is on record as telling friends the figure seldom drops below three bucks for every dollar he puts out.

With all that cash floating around, a hat-check kid would be less than human if she didn't try to get a little for herself. She soon learns she's on a salary, period! She gets absolutely



no split or percentage of the normal quarters, halves and dollars she takes in as tips. She's not even allowed a slice of anything up to five dollars. If a playboy's generosity should go beyond that—and it's a red letter day when it occurs—the hatchick is allowed to keep *half* of everything over a five spot. On a \$20 tip, for example, her extra gravy is \$7.50.

### Traps for the Unwary

Lest she be tempted to steal, there are all sorts of handicaps put in her way. First and foremost, she gets a pretty little uniform which has no pockets, for an obvious reason. Next, she's placed on duty with another girl who may be her friend or may be tipping off the boss, if she tries keeping the change once too often. If her partner and she really become good friends, their jobs are switched and a stranger goes in as a replacement. To top it off, "spotters" go around redeeming their hats with marked coins and dollar bills. Woe to the hat chick, if the marked money doesn't show up in the night's receipts.

As for the schemer who tries to invent a fool-proof method of "skimming it off the top," as the trade call a little gentle stealing, she's always told about the hatchick with the itchy neck. It seems this smartie used to collect a customer's quarter and then scratch her neck, meantime dropping the coin she'd palmed down her blouse, where it was eventually trapped by a tight belt. *She* was also trapped one night, while walking out jingling like Santa's reindeers. After this inventive kid was fired, high and tight necklines became a must in hat-check uniforms.

### A Few Are Happily Married

Does it all mean there's no such a thing as a straight-shooting hat-check girls? Not at all. Plenty play it honest. Some use their salaries to pay the room rent, while the folks back home help with the money for dramatic coaching or singing lessons. Some few are happily married and would call their husky husbands if you so much as twitched an eyebrow.

As for the others, well, *you* be the guy to throw the first stone if a girl's tempted after lugging a ton of wool around night after night, while a sly character waves two weeks' rent in her face for "just stopping by the house for a drink some night, baby."

What she did was wrong, but maybe you can see Margie Cordova's side when she summed up her fall from grace with these words:

"I guess you'll think I'm cynical, but you'll never know what that job—hat checking, I mean—did to my feet!"



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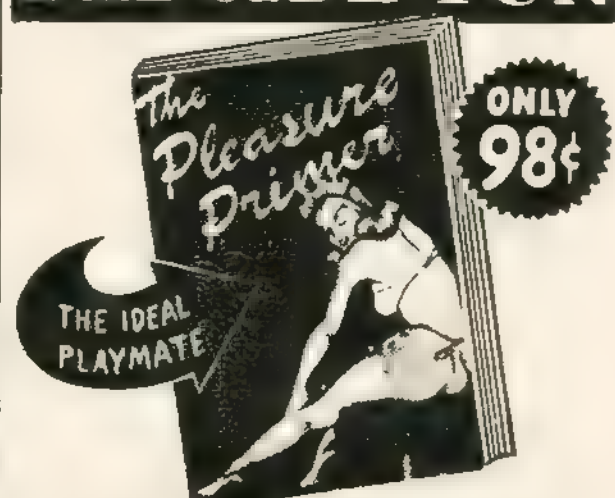
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## WHY THE MOB PROTECTS BOBO ROCKEFELLER

Continued from page 9

cheap imitation. They ran down that lead to no avail. They checked back into the hijacking incident. Busy-boy Brissa had, in fact, at the age of 48, a record dating back to 1920, and it became quite a chore running down every possible lead over an active 30-year period. On the books, the killing is still listed as unsolved.

But not with the boys in the know. It was an open-and-shut case — a "lesson murder." It was also a near-perfect analogy to the murder of Dutch Schultz, back in the thirties, when he decided, against higher-up orders, to knock off Thomas E. Dewey, then a New York State prosecutor. Murder, Inc. decided to put Dutch out of the way instead, just to avoid any embarrassing complications.

### Brissa's Bright Idea

Now it can be told. When Fred Brissa got out of the jug at the end of 1950, he'd already hatched quite an ambitious idea, whiling away his prison hours. Involving two confederates, he communicated his notion for the caper in whispers. Their Chicago hang-outs during these sessions included, among others, the Shanty Inn, at 716 N. Clark St. and the Alpine

Lounge at 1416 E. 67th St. All their other meeting places were within strongarm distance of Madison and Paulina Streets, where all the cheap stick-up men, burglars and hopeful hoods congregate.

The big bee in Fred's bonnet was the kidnaping of little Winnie Rockefeller! And the underworld has long since concluded that Brissa got his for master-minding this rash notion — as a warning to the boys that the "out-fit" won't hold still for the idea.

### "Company" for Bobo

For the following two and one-half years that Bobo lived in the Chicago area, coming in and out of the Windy City frequently to shop or visit friends, with or without Winnie, her comings and goings were carefully noted by other than Winthrop's private eyes. In the very heart of U. S. gangsterism, the estranged wife and young son of Winthrop Rockefeller were protected by the most effective strong-arm squad in America, and possibly in the world. For the mob is dedicated to the principle that nothing should happen to a Rockefeller, especially on their home ground. Kidnaping per se is frowned on anyway by the authoritative mob-

sters and most emphatically when it comes to "name" personalities!

Bobo, who may never have had any idea, till this moment, why Fred Brissa was slain was, however, appraised of the protection she was getting in Chicago — and later in New York, when she moved back into Winthrop's penthouse in June, 1953. But no private detectives or bodyguards she could have hired would have been more efficient or for a better reason.

Nevertheless, the mob is just as anxious as she that Bobo take every precaution not to expose her child to some crackpot beyond their jurisdiction. Through intermediaries — they never tried to contact her directly — they advised her in practical ways how not to jeopardize her son or herself. Through legitimate spokesmen, they reinforced her own decision not to allow publication of Winnie's pictures. Well aware of the extreme fortifications set up for the family youngsters at the 6,000-acre Rockefeller estate at Tarrytown, N. Y., they also advised her to insist, when settlement talks began, on a home "with high walls and guards and warning systems."

### Her Attorneys Were Baffled

That is why Bobo Rockefeller attorneys were baffled when Bobo, during recent negotiations, constantly refused a 16-room duplex penthouse on Park Avenue in favor of a "country home with ample protection."

Meanwhile, although they never knew it until now, Bobo and little Winnie can rest assured they have the added protection of the world's toughest strong-arm force. ▲▲▲



## SKELETONS IN RED SKELTON'S CLOSET

Continued from page 21

times before.

Red rewarded her by calling Hollywood reporter Erskine Johnson on the phone and announcing he was getting a divorce. As the newsman listened, jaws agape, Georgia got on another extension and husband and wife staged a 47-minute argument. Johnson got a word in edgewise now and then. The telephone incident was unusual because Red hates Bell's invention and rarely uses it, but the savage verbal battle was nothing new.

Two years ago, Skelton walked out on Georgia for the juvenile reason that she didn't laugh at his jokes anymore. He "holed up" to write a radio script in a Beverly Hills hotel, but Georgia suspected he might be doing more than penning prose. She hopped over for a visit, with a witness. Next morning, she told her friends she'd caught Red red-handed in an embrace with a pretty WAVE he had picked up in the hotel bar.

Georgia stomped off to stay with

her best friends, the Gene Fowlers, while Red was hauled by his ever-faithful press agents to sleep off a three-day drunk in the Culver City Hotel, which he owns. After a rest, the bad boy trailed home, his head bowed and a pout showing off his dimples. Good gal Georgia forgave him but didn't forget it.

Skelton is still quite a chaser. Once he even had the nerve to barricade the kitchen door in a home while attending a party. Barricade it, that is, by standing against it. Then he dallied with a beautiful female guest while Georgia sat 20 feet away in the living room. Another time Red and a dancing star were in an amorous clinch in her dressing room when studio workmen walked in on them. The only mention of that near-scandal was a blind item in the gossip column of a trade paper: "Bet that dancing star will lock the door to her dressing room next time."

Georgia Skelton puts up with a lot  
(Continued on page 50)



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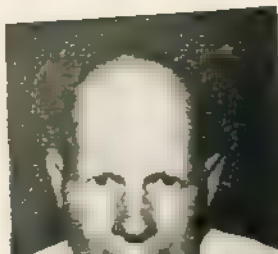
"My name is Eldon Beerbower of 2905 North Portland Blvd., Portland, Oregon. I'm 23 years old and I work for a bank. I was one of the earliest users of the Brandenfels system. I lost all my hair at an early age and looked like this picture I'm holding when I began to use the Brandenfels massages and formulas. Just see my head of hair today!"

I am Oiva Witikka, employed in lumbering. My address is Route 1, Box 322, Woodland, Washington. I'm 43—just a generation older than Eldon. I lost my hair in the Air Force in World War II and though Service doctors gave me treatments I was still bald when discharged. In February 1951 I sent my first order to Carl Brandenfels... and what a difference there is now!"

I'm Roy Smith, strawberry rancher, Route 1, Gable, Oregon. I'm 63, served in World War I. For 20 years my hair was just a "rim" around my head with a few in the middle on top. I began using the Brandenfels massages and applications in May 1952. Folks laughed then, but now I'm the one who is laughing. Even my sister who hadn't seen me for two years could hardly believe her eyes!"



ELDON BEERBOWER  
Before



OIVA WITIKKA  
Before



ROY SMITH  
Before

FROM 48 STATES AND 68 FOREIGN COUNTRIES COME LETTERS LIKE THESE

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Hair  
Growth



There was a very definite and observable renewed hair growth. Rev. Paul E. Martin, Holdrege, Nebraska

Gets  
Results



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I was bald for 20 years, but now I have new and healthy hair. Conrad J. Fels, Burbank, California

Rid of  
Dandruff  
Scale



My hair stopped falling, there's new hair growth and I'm rid of dandruff scale. F. L. Bash, Gary, Indiana

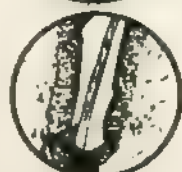
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more from her tempestuous husband besides his boudoir curiosity. He keeps two decanters in his living room and insists they be filled with liquor at all times. Not one bottle—but two.

Once Georgia scolded him for his helter-skelter behavior. Skelton, for a prank, dashed outside and climbed a tree. He wouldn't come down, he said, until she apologized. The comedian sat in the tree all day, hugging a bottle of bourbon. When his exasperated secretary arrived, she sat beneath the tree, taking dictation the comedian roared from the branches.

### Paints Sad Clowns

Red never has forgotten the father he didn't have. His father was a circus clown. Skelton is an amateur painter. Except for two portraits of friends, every picture he paints is of a clown. Most of them have sad faces. Several of his pictures adorn his house, which is as helter-skelter as its owner. The living room, for example, boasts a piano painted shocking pink.

Red never has gotten over an inferiority complex about not attending school. Edna once hired a tutor to teach him grammar. He's self-consciously addicted to what he thinks is a gentleman's garb, a dark blue suit, white shirt and ever-present maroon tie (he's superstitious over that color), even while puttering around the garden.

But on the set of his TV show the polish Red has tried to acquire sometimes wears a bit thin. He forgets his manners, and many a girl has blushed

at his vulgarities. His jokes during rehearsals are so risqué that they would make even a hardened burlesque veteran squirm in embarrassment.

Red's thin nerves are a constant source of worry to his colleagues. He suffered a nervous breakdown in the army. He is so on edge while he performs that many times he gets sick to his stomach after a television show. A year ago his stomach couldn't stand it any longer and he wound up in the hospital with a serious operation.

Red's constant drinking when he had his CBS radio show was the whisper of the microphone colony. Often his hands would be shaking so badly he could hardly get into his clothes to begin the show. That "Guzzler's Gin" routine he would do as a studio warm-up is famous. But it was more truth than fiction. Sometimes before doing the "Guzzler's Gin" routine, he practiced — with real spirits.

### Employers Knew About It

Red's employers knew that he was hitting the bottle to ease the strain of doing radio and TV at the same time. They were so afraid he couldn't finish the season they began auditioning new comedians in the hopes of finding one who could step in, if Skelton got out of hand.

A comedian who is a devil behind the scenes, of course, is not new to show business. But for sheer wackiness, none can hold a candle, or even a bottle to the truly b-a-a-d boy of show business, Red Skelton! ▲▲▲



## MAG TRUMAN'S PROBLEM

Continued from page 24

reputation as a mean partner in a Virginia Reel and as the most adamant teetotaler in Washington next to her mother. Her doings supplied the press with welcome copy to fill space left by the withdrawal of the Roosevelts and their didos, diaries, dogs, divorces and Dalls from the White House. Maggie christened the greatest battleship afloat, hostessed on the presidential yacht, entertained the Churchills and sundry visiting royalties, and enjoyed the lime-light at the Kentucky Derby, the St. Louis Veiled Prophet Ball, and the opening of the Metropolitan Opera.

Gradually her gowns and hair-do became more stylish and Our Maggie

blossomed as a gay and pretty girl. Amir Abdullah forwarded her a harem costume from Iraq, and the fraternity boys at the University of Missouri elected her the "Sweetheart of Lambda Chi." But the Secret Service men who accompanied her on dates may have deterred anyone from becoming her sweetheart. Maggie only gave her shadows the slip once. That was in high-kicking Key West, and it took Harry's personal intervention to get his daughter and her Naval escorts home by dawn.

But Washington swains, like former Navy officers Robert Stewart and dashing Robert Dudley, felt they never loosened Maggie's veneer of



Victorian "niceness," even though they saw her two or three times a week. When capital balls were over, they escorted her straight back to Blair House where she shared her bed with stuffed elephants—souvenirs of school bazaars, not GOP symbols. Bess, who laid down a loose "home by midnight" rule, always waited up for her.

### Critics Were Cool

By 1947, Maggie was telling the press, "Music is my real romance." Ten months after her graduation from the university, she made her vocal debut with the Detroit Symphony and later kicked off a national tour with an appearance at the Hollywood Bowl. Maggie took time off to help in her father's campaign in 1948, after the critics had given her a cool reception. Their verdict was that her voice had not been properly trained.

Maggie dropped Mrs. Strickler with a dull thud in 1949 to study with the Met's hefty diva, Helen Traubel. She left Washington after a blase announcement that she was "fed up and bored to death with the so-called social whirl" and moved to New York where she signed a new manager, James A. Davidson, a top man in the field. He obtained more than \$100,000 worth of contracts for her the first year.

With an earning power greater than her old man's, Maggie was literally sitting on top of the world in a suite high in Manhattan's Carlyle Hotel, with oil barons and millionaire divorcees as neighbors. She had a Secret Service man and an official car at her service and her mother's personal secretary, Reathel Odum, to chaperone her and "screen the men."

"That may sound stuffy," said Maggie. "But it's too easy to make casual acquaintances in New York."

### Her Rumored Engagements

Before Mme. Traubel laid down the law to Maggie about working harder at her voice studies, she hit the night spots frequently with her commuting Washington beaux and some of the less casual acquaintances. Every morning over her coffee she could read rumors of her engagement to Marvin Coles, a rising young counsel for a Congressional Committee; Lt. Commander Harry C. Allendorfer, Jr. and Lt. F. B. Betts of the Navy; Army Capt. Everett Walker; Frank P. Handy, Jr. of an Ypsilanti, Mich., newspaper family; labor union executive Ed Wall; millionaire diplomat Herman Sartorius; and newsreel executive Jack Le Vien.

Maggie was nagged by the suspicion that some of her beaux had press agents, and she broke her first

date with one young man when she learned he had boasted of his "romance" with her to bar friends in a score of the better *boites*. But with such a wealth of attention, she didn't mind mulling the catch when Drucie Snyder, Gloria Chavez of the senatorial family, and Jane Watson tossed their bridal bouquets her way when she served as their bridesmaid.

It was Jane's father, business machine tycoon Thomas J. Watson, who occupies J. P. Morgan's old center box at the Met, who introduced Maggie to the inner circle at the opera, including former General Manager Edward Johnson. Rumor had it that Johnson auditioned her in one of the 10 operatic roles she claims to have mastered; but Johnson explained privately that Maggie had just loosed a few high notes to test the Met's acoustics while making a tour of the house with him. The only time Johnson's successor, Rudolf Bing, has Maggie at the Met is when she antes up \$8 for a seat.

### The Family Friend

One of Margaret's strangest escorts for the opera, charity balls and private parties was Blevins Davis, a balding, roly-poly kewpie of a man who was once a junior high teacher in Independence. As a family friend of the Truman's, he enjoyed back door privileges at the White House. Davis did not show a marked interest in women until his early forties when he met Marjorie Hill, a playgirl 20 years his senior who had outlived railroad tycoon James N. Hill and two other millionaire husbands.

"Blev" courted and won Mrs. Hill. When she died in 1948, less than two years after the marriage, he inherited the bulk of the \$80,000,000 swag from her former spouses. He has been living like a cut-rate Aga Khan ever since. Davis is old enough to be Maggie's father.

Since Siepi cooled off, Maggie's name is occasionally linked with various gentlemen in the gossip columns, which hint, sometimes rather desperately, that a romance may be blossoming. Typical was a recent tip by nightlife chronicler Dorothy Kilgallen that Margaret had reached the "hand-holding stage" with Henry Willson.

### A "Henhouse Hick"

Margaret often visits her old home town where she has had two regular escorts, Roger T. Sermon, Jr., son of the mayor, and Tommy Twyman, an old school friend. But she never has had any serious heart interest in Independence. She lost out with many of her old gang when they started to hit

(Continued on next page)

# MEN PAST 40

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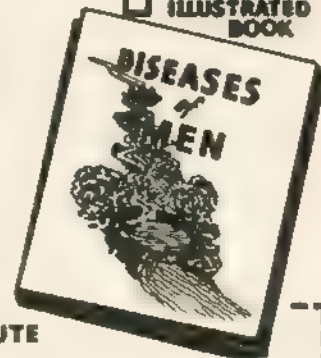
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it up at Missouri highway roadhouses. Bess and Harry wouldn't permit her to go along.

Most of her Independence girl friends, who belonged to a neighborhood club called "The Henhouse Hicks" with Maggie in their pigtail days, have married and had two or three children. She hears a lot of talk about formulas and diapers when she is visiting at home, but to her friends' best knowledge, she hasn't had any first-hand experience with babies. Nobody has ever had the nerve to ask her to baby sit.

### Harry Blew His Top

When Margaret's interests branched into the television and recording fields, she parried all questions about romance with the comment, "I don't have time for THAT!" She also was having a rough time with the critics. After Mme. Traubel had ample opportunity to overhaul Maggie's voice, the gentlemen of the press stopped pulling their punches. President Truman threatened in a letter to assault one of them, Paul Hume of the Washington Post, so he'd "need a new nose and plenty of beefsteak and perhaps a supporter below."

Mme. Traubel soon jettisoned Maggie "because she wasn't ready for all those appearances," and Davidson faded from the picture, too. Now Maggie studies with Sidney Dietch

and is managed by Ken Allen. She must be increasingly aware, since "Pop" no longer lives at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, that her success as an entertainer was based on her father's position and the resulting free publicity that would cost any other artist hundreds of thousands of dollars. She once admitted she would be a "bare-faced hypocrite" to deny the pull of her name.

Of late her career has been a downhill affair, and marriage would be the easy way out. But Maggie may be bulldog enough to stick it out on her own for a while, as a matter of principle. That's what is worrying Harry, who wants grandchildren, not grand opera. He's hoping that her current attempts at being a dazzling *femme fatale* will bring home a son-in-law soon.

### Forced to Cancel Concerts

Recurrent laryngitis has plagued Maggie at the beginning of every concert season since 1949, and she has been forced to cancel dozens of appearances, including half of her engagements this winter. Experts say her trouble probably is due to faulty voice production and strain, while friends whisper that the ailment is strictly a psychosomatic (emotional) fear of the ordeal of concert singing.

The two albums of records she cut for RCA-Victor didn't break any sales records, and chances for a third

set of platters appear slim. NBC has eased her out of singing stints into dramatic bits and guest appearances for the remainder of her current contract, which terminates in June. One of the black marks against Margaret's singing on TV is the way her eyelids flutter like a window shade in a hurricane when she sustains high notes.

### From Longhair to Slapstick

Maggie made her TV debut with the great Tallulah Bankhead, but now she's working out with prat-fall queen Martha Raye, ventriloquist Paul Winchell and his dummy, and Spike Jones and his washboard band. Her biggest blow was her failure to snag the MC's spot on a weekly TV show, "The Cinderella Hour," which NBC had promised her. Maybe Maggie's fairy godmother has transferred her wand-waving to Ike's grandchildren.

Harry and Bess say they never miss a show of Margaret's on their TV set in Independence, but their friends freely admit they would gladly miss them altogether if Margaret would star in a private domestic drama. The members of Mrs. Truman's Tuesday bridge club aren't the only ladies in the nation who like to speculate on whether Maggie will wind up an old maid with plenty of time to indulge her favorite wee-hour habit of reading historical novels in bed.



## WHY BRANDO ISN'T EVEN HALF SAFE

Continued from page 35

flame who informed him that an even older flame, a curvaceous showgirl, had just had an abortion rather than tell him she was pregnant with his child. Marlon scared the teenager silly by putting on an insane exhibition of remorse.

### Rushed to Girl's Bedside

"His face writhed as though the muscles under his skin had gone crazy," she said. "He raved and ranted up and down the room, shouting that men were 'no damn good.' He grabbed me by the arms so hard he left black and blue marks, and screamed, 'If I ever try to make you, hit me with a bottle...do anything, but don't say "yes".' Then he rushed out of the apartment."

Brando bee-lined to the bedside of

the recuperating girl, had a good cry, and left as abruptly as he had come, never to see or speak to her again.

For Brando, remorse is fleeting. After such an outburst, he straps his emotional armor of sadistic callousness back on and goes out to prove that if "men are no damned good," women are fools. One summer day he pushed into a booth in a midtown record store where an expensively dressed matron was being sent by Bach. He was spicy with sweat and as gallant as a water buffalo, but he struck a primal chord with the music-loving lady. He suggested that she come to his den that evening and bring along a record of Ravel's steamy "Bolero."

Maybe it was Marlon's dirty T-shirt that turned the trick with this socially

registered daughter of Eve. Grandpa never under-estimated the iceman, and he was right. The magnetized matron kept the rendezvous at Marlon's flat. Marlon, his arm around a chit in negligee, answered her timid knock on the door. Then Broadway's Mr. Bum shouted unprintable insults at the lady and threatened to have her arrested on a nuisance charge. As she stumbled down the stairs, the woman overheard Brando's companion calling him a "real card."

### Dumped Garbage on Diners

Sometimes, neighbors in one or the other of his shoddy apartments call the police to complain about Brando's night-long parties. In one case, he used to drive to drink tenants in adjacent cafes featuring G-string entertainment, by locking himself in his room and beating on his African drums until the wee hours. One disenchanted evening he hauled three cans of aged garbage to the roof of a building and dumped them on diners in the summer garden of "Leon and Eddie's" restaurant, below. Wags said it was probably Brando's way of protesting the formalities of public dining, since he prefers to eat anything from hamburgers to spaghetti

(Continued on page 54)



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with his dingy digits.

Brando's disregard for the basic tenets of etiquette is enormous. Last year he stunned an entire party of jaded sophisticates by ripping open the blouse of a beautiful, would-be actress and staring at her naked breasts. The blushing girl was comforted by her hostess who explained, "You have to expect him to be different, honey—he's a genius."

### Even His Fans Were Shocked

Police who spotted him speeding through Times Square on his motorcycle with two passengers made no allowances for Brando's IQ. They arrested him. Guests at New York's Park Sheraton Hotel registered complaints, not amused surprise, when he walked through the lobby wearing a rubber horror mask. Even his fans, who usually thrill to his zaniest capers, were shocked to learn that he often played fiddle accompaniment for a weirdy who tramped the Carnegie Hall area, wearing a sign identifying himself as the world's greatest blind singing poet.

The charge that Brando's wackiness is not the full-of-the-moon variety, but a full-blown case of a common theatrical ailment called publicityitis, has little foundation in fact. He has never frequented Manhattan's show-spot ginmills or Hollywood's limelighted night clubs. He has never licked the hands of any newshen who has put her admiration for his physique in print.

### Girl-friend Must Do Chores

Most of his mistresses, chosen from the fringes of the theatrical world, have been nobodies, in a publicity sense, although his association with them may have raised them to the status of somebody in the eyes of Brando's green-with-envy female admirers. A successful stage or screen star with any amount of ego could hardly submit to Brando's domestic demands. He likes his girls to clean his apartment, cook his meals, wash his clothes and nurse his hangovers. Two "unknowns"—a singer and a waitress—are currently saving him the price of a maid. If you think they're ever paid off in flowers, sweets and orchestra seats on opening nights, you've over-estimated Brando's generosity.

Marlon likes to explain away his eccentricities, his tough manner, and his guttural speech by referring to his underprivileged childhood. According to his version, home was either on Cannery Row or Tobacco Road. He claims his mother hit the bottle and his old man was inclined to wallop any of the Brando kids within whaling distance, when the urge took him.

Actually, Brando grew up in the pleasant Chicago suburb of Libertyville, Ill. His father was a reasonably well-off employee of the Bell Telephone Company who pampered his children, and his mother was a woman of delicate health who believed in the modern concept of "spare the rod." Brando turned out to be the problem child of the Libertyville High School, so his parents sent him to Shattuck Military Academy in Minnesota for a taste of discipline.

The flavor was bitter to "Bud" Brando and he was dismissed from the Academy for flagrant disobedience, a month before he was to graduate. He headed for New York to see if the theater, which had lured his sister Frances a few years previously, could use a young man with dependable neuroses and untried talent. For a while he shared Frances' cat-filled apartment. His sister, Jocelyn, also an actress, soon followed him to New York. She had neither pets nor furniture in her apartment and slept on the floor. The three Brandos apparently had made a pact to give moribund Bohemianism a transfusion.

### His Agent's Problem

Broadway stardom as the uncouth Stanley Kowalski in "Streetcar Named Desire" put Brando on the greased tracks to Hollywood. Actors' agent Jay Kantor was assigned to keep Brando in line while he was making the film "The Men." His duties were to see that Marlon took a bath regularly, wore neckties to producers' homes, and kept his hands off married actresses. Kantor admitted when he divorced his actress wife, Roberta Haynes, that he had failed in the latter effort to make Brando behave like a gentleman. Roberta, an armful of tangible talents, tagged her husband to Hollywood to help out with Brando and threw herself into her work so hard that her marriage to Kantor ended in divorce. Kantor, though, proved that a gentleman is forgiving. He's still Brando's agent.

### "One Hell of a Boor"

Marlon tossed Roberta to the Wilshire Boulevard wolves when earthy Shelley Winters sidled onto the scene in dresses that seemed barely adequate for their purpose. Moviedom thought impulsive Shelley and repulsive Marlon were made for each other, but she couldn't stomach his oafish habits and told him so on the way out. Marlon got another blow when his long-time side-kick, Wally Cox, turned on him one day and told him, "Even your best friends think you're one hell of a boor." Cox, the mild-mannered "Mr. Peepers" of TV, was burned because Brando had told his companion,



dancer Marilyn Gennaro, that she "looked more like a hippopotamus every day."

This sort of frankness tipped Brando off to his need for a personality overhaul. A watered down version of Yogi, an oriental approach to spiritual health, was sweeping Hollywood, so Marlon tried its physical and mental exercises. It was cheap to sit cross-legged for hours and think beautiful thoughts, but it required more will power than undisciplined Brando could muster.

### Wants to Revamp the World

Then he turned to psychoanalysis, which he found helpful and painless, but expensive. However, with the golden stream pouring in from the tills for the film version of "Streetcar" and "Julius Caesar," Marlon indulged himself in frequent sessions of soul-baring reminiscence on psychiatrists' couches on both coasts. Last fall, when he was on location in New Jersey for the film "Waterfront," he disappeared fre-

quently for rests on the couch. Since Brando's dramatic flight from Hollywood, early in February, his case has been in the hands of a corps of head shrinkers.

One of his psychiatrists has admitted privately that Brando's case is a tough one. It seems that Marlon the Miserable still wants to revamp the world so IT can live with HIM.

### Hounded by Femme Fans

During all this, Brando was hiding away in a small apartment in New York's Carnegie Hall Studios at 154 West 57th Street. Other artistic tenants were hounded by hordes of females, bobbysoxers and grandmas, who plod the stairs ringing every doorbell in the hope of finding the films' sexiest lover in the flesh.

How ironic that behind his locked and nameless door, Brando is fighting a desperate battle with quirks of the mind which keep him from being as satisfactory a lover as the ordinary guy next door. ▲▲▲



## THE RUBIROSA MURDER CASE

Continued from page 17

then began a life of secrecy and fear, fleeing from enemies he knew would never rest. Bencosme had been Morales' secretary. He died that April night at the hands of a trigger-man who'd never seen Morales in the flesh and couldn't risk waiting to make sure who was behind that cloud of shaving cream. Morales had dined early with friends and his appetite had saved his life.

### Murder Indictment Returned

As Bencosme whispered his last words in the hospital that night, the cops made further notes. Positive identification of the killer was not possible, but more than enough clues were dropped in their laps to start an 11-month job of sleuthing that wrapped up the case. On February 17, 1936, a New York grand jury returned an indictment of murder in the first degree against one Louis del Fuente Rubirosa (alias Chi Chi, alias Louis della Fuente), first cousin of the dashing Porfirio Rubirosa who was to gain later fame as the world's foremost "big dame hunter."

Louis, it developed, had a string of disagreeable contacts with law and order. He had been arrested on a

burglary charge as a teen-ager in May of 1925 and been sent to the New York Reformatory for Boys. Seven years later, as a toughened hoodlum, he beat an assault and robbery charge, and escaped once again in November of 1932 on a burglary charge. His increasingly serious police record ended abruptly on February 18, 1936, with the file notation, "Wanted by the 30th Squad for homicide, re: Bencosme case."

The cops had done their job well and not only had a case against Louis Rubirosa strong enough to take to court, they had some fascinating details on another member of the family.

### Where the Trail Ended

It was discovered that a young Lieutenant in the Dominican Republic's Army, Porfirio Rubirosa, had visited these United States in that fateful month of April. He had arrived in New York on the S.S. Camao on April 16, 1935 and, six days later, had taken up residence at the flossy St. Moritz hotel. Even more astonishing was the method of his departure. It occurred abruptly and in a hurry on the night of April 27, 1935, just 24 hours before

(Continued on next page)



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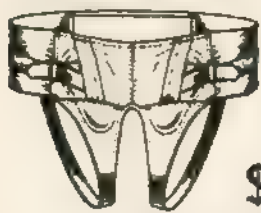
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the ill-fated Bencosme was to pick up a brush and start lathering his whiskers.

There the trail ends. New York police sent tracers, through our State Department, asking for the arrest and extradition of Rubirosa — Louis, that is — and got frosty replies from Ciudad Trujillo that the man was not known. It was all very strange, since a Dominican correspondent for one of the world's biggest wire services told this writer that Louis Rubirosa had been known in that city, but had, indeed, dropped out of sight around the summer of 1935 and had been unreachable thereafter.

### Penalty for Failure?

Dr. Morales, still a political refugee and, as this is being written, living in exile in San Juan, Puerto Rico, thinks there is a not-too-difficult explanation for Louis del Fuente Rubirosa's inaccessibility. He's dead, having bungled a mission and thereby reduced to zero minus, his value to his homeland.

If that's the case, the "Rubirosa murder case" may lie in police files, unsolved, from now to eternity. Of course, there's one other member of the clan who could step forward and possibly clear up the mystery, quick as Barbara Hutton can say "I do."

It's entirely possible that the murder indictment against Louis is in error and Porfirio Rubirosa might possibly have some evidence to prove this. It will be noted he was in town at about the same time the crime happened and it would seem unlikely that a member of a family as polite as the Rubirosas would spend some 10 or 12 days in New York without visiting a first cousin who was also in residence there.

### Not Buddy-buddy with the Law

The police have little if any intentions of tapping Porfirio Rubirosa on the shoulder and asking for such an interview. For one thing, "Rubi" never touches these shores except when he's wearing a diplomat's title, which includes diplomatic immunity from pick-up squads.

On the other hand, if "Rubi" should care to volunteer a game of "Information Please" with the District Attorney's office, this writer can assure him he'd have no trouble getting an appointment.

Merely on the basis of past history, however, it seems highly unlikely that Porfirio Rubirosa will take such a step. In Paris and other world capitals, "Rubi" has shown no great regard for minions of the law. His attitude on this account may stem from a provoking situation which spotted his own history, during the Spanish Civil War back in the thirties.

Porfirio, then a Dominican envoy to France, was approached by a Spanish banker, one Manuel Frenandez Aldao, who was in a positive sweat to get several million dollars worth of gems out of Madrid before that city fell. Porfirio obliged and was at the wheel of a car which was not searched when it crossed over the Franco-Spanish border, because it bore Dominican license plates and its driver showed diplomatic passports which exempted him from the tedium of search.

Although Rubirosa collected a princely payoff for this job — in advance — the Spanish banker, Senor Aldao, later charged Porfirio also declared himself a whopping bonus by holding out on \$185,000 worth of the sparklers he'd helped transport.

### Porfirio's Family Problem

The urge to collect a buck, whether hot or not, is apparently a family trait in the Rubirosas, just as fatness bedevils some families and bum hearts nag others. It got Porfirio's brother Cesar in a spot so awkward that not even strongman Trujillo could pull an international "fix."

It was a sad blow to Trujillo's reputation for picking representatives, as a matter of fact, because Cesar got caught at the same smuggling trick. Then operating as a sort of roaming Dominican representative to Switzerland, Greece, Italy and Egypt, Cesar had been using his immunity to hustle money, gold, gems and even hotter commodities from one country to another. Following a gilt-edged tip, the Athens police nabbed him at an airport as he prepared to fly away with \$60,000.

Cesar served 18 months in a Greek jail and thought he was going to get off easy. But the courts ruled he must stay in the city of Corinth until he has either paid or lived out a fine of \$250,000.

Devaluation has trimmed that figure but the sum outstanding still is a husky \$67,000.

### Cesar is Slowly Paying

The Greek government knocks off \$67 for every month Cesar spends in Corinth. At that rate he'll be in town for another 95 years, or long enough for his brother to have married all the world's rich women, twice around.

All of Porfirio's former wives know about his smuggling activities and that distressing trouble brother Cesar got into. None of them were ever told about that murderous cousin, though, and it could be Rubirosa's "Hutton-tot" wasn't either. It's understandable. Matters like murder are pretty hot dishes to put before even a quickie bride.



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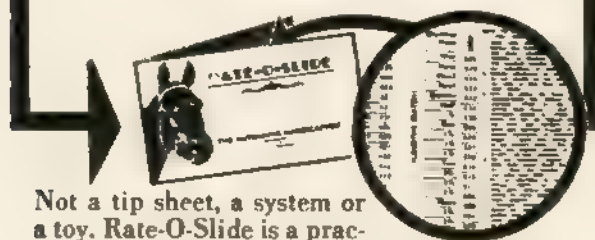
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## JIMMY DONAHUE'S HUSH- HUSH SECRET

Continued from page 11

platter-blue eyes belied his reputation and his friends privately dubbed him "Dorian Gray," after the ageless roue of Oscar Wilde's novel.

Livingston also was young, handsome in the Hollywood manner, and a favorite of columnists and society writers, who often linked his name with one-time top deb Brenda Frazier and other blue-blooded beauties. Even so, he had a hard time matching news space given his mother who, for a while, tied Tommy Manville's marriage record. Billy tried his hand at portrait painting, broadcasting, advertising, and the films, but he preferred to lounge on beaches from Hawaii to Bermuda in flamboyantly colored shorts and sun suits, and wound up doing just that until the war began.

### A Lesson in Etiquette

Di Verdura ornamented the clique with a title—one of the oldest in Italy—though his bank account could hardly pass muster. As the only Italian Duke living permanently in New York, he was much in demand by society hostesses, many of whom bought the beautifully wrought jewelry which he designed and sold from his Fifth Avenue workshop. These devoted ladies preferred to overlook his eccentricities as inevitable in a man of artistic temperament and Latin morals. Muratore was just a "hanger-on" with a regular income from Buenos Aires impressive enough to admit him to the charmed circle.

These four soon found the Harvard-educated wallpaper salesman overbearing and decided to teach him a lesson in etiquette, but not the Emily Post version. Di Verdura suggested they move on to his nearby apartment, a modest walk-up in a run-down greystone tenement at 156 East 56th Street, for a "party." The group picked up a couple of men, described as "rough trade," on the way, and other acquaintances dropped in at the Bohemian ducal diggings later.

Williams told police he was plied with liquor that had an unusual dizzying effect. He said he remembered being stripped and claimed that his jewelry and identification were thrown out of a window. He passed

out after a dim awareness that someone was working over his head with a pair of shears.

Later, he remembered being forced into a chauffeured limousine for a drive across the Queensboro Bridge into the welter of wooden hovels and factories that is Long Island City. He was dumped from the car about 1:30 A.M., only nine blocks from the East River and very near the Long Island Railroad yards.

### Other Kinds of Mistreatment

St. John's hospital attendants said Williams was treated for scalp lacerations, the disfigurement of an ear which was seriously bitten "apparently through mayhem," and injuries from "other kinds of mistreatment." Neither the hospital, police, or Williams himself ever clarified "other kinds of mistreatment," but it was commonly rumored in society circles and along Broadway that the party at the Italian Duke's had some aspects of a sadistic Roman orgy.

Williams did not prefer charges against his attackers. He left the hospital for his mother's apartment, on unfashionable First Avenue, and kept mum. Later, he told friends that he accepted "several thousand dollars" as a settlement, for the injuries he suffered. The exact sum was never mentioned, but it's difficult to believe it completely recompensed him for the considerable physical pain, mental agony and public embarrassment suffered by a young man who'd just stopped in a bar for a drink.

### D.A.'s Men Worked on Case

Police were less willing to let the scandal die so easily. Commissioner Lewis J. Valentine's confidential squad reported the case to Assistant District Attorney Clark who was in charge of the D.A.'s criminal division. Clark's men worked on the case until March, 1945, when the principals began to feel the heat. Livingston appeared voluntarily for three hours of questioning by Clark, and Donahue and the others soon followed suit after Clark informed them that they were "expected."

Livingston and Donahue's stories were remarkably similar and almost



nonchalant in the telling. They admitted that Williams had been worked over at the di Verdura party but passed it off as a prank no more reprehensible than "hell week" gags played on fraternity pledges at scores of American universities.

Absolutely no malice was involved, they told Clark. But Clark was not persuaded and decided the case warranted prosecution.

Fearing that too much grass already had grown under his feet, Clark submitted the case to the April grand jury, seeking an indictment against Donahue, Livingston, di Verdura and Muratore. The grand jury heard testimony but did not indict. Instead, it informed Judge Owen W. Bohan that it had dismissed all possible charges against Donahue and company. The deciding factor seemed to be that Williams refused to bring charges against them.

#### Victim Lost His Job

Williams, who expected sympathy when the news of the scandal leaked out, actually had a rough time of it. He lost his job at Katzenbach & Warren and for a while found employment and the doors of his friends closed to him. Today he runs a little lamp shop in the basement of a tenement on East 51st Street with a friend, Jonathan Lange, and a black

French poodle. Their stock in trade is inexpensive chi-chi.

Di Verdura came through the ordeal unscathed. His business is booming and he is considered one of the world's leading jewelry designers. Living now in relative luxury among the Elsa Maxwell set, he divides his time between New York and Sicilian resorts. Livingston and Muratore have disappeared quietly from their old haunts, but Donahue is still quite the man-about-town, the darling of the columnists and confidante of royalty.

#### Gives Jimmy a Laugh

Donahue's fortune has eased him out of several misadventures since the Williams scandal. Recently, he became an unofficial "court jester" for the Duchess of Windsor, the uncrowned queen of cafe society, a job he was trained for in the menage of "Prince" Mdivani. Since 1949, Donahue has been an almost constant companion of the Windsors here and abroad, making them laugh, picking up their night club tabs and serving them in a variety of ways. On off nights, he can still be found in the gayer bars on Manhattan's East Side where, sometimes, a companion mentions the Peter Williams affair and gives Jimmy a good laugh.

"Oh, that guy!" he says, "he just wasn't a good sport." ▲▲▲



Shortly before he met Brenda, Mele fought a duel over the steamy affections of Anna Magnani and bears a scar on his wrist from the enemy's rapier. This, Mele has always proudly boasted, is as nothing compared to the perfect imprint of Anna's teeth on his right shoulder, sustained in a more delightful duel.

#### Brawled For Her Affections

There was no denying that this sort of thing impressed Brenda. When she was a little thing of 18, *New Yorker* cartoonist Peter Arno and movie actor Bruce Cabot staged a savage nightclub brawl for her affections, although both were old enough to be her father at the time.

Brenda was on record as declaring she thought men fighting over her was thrilling.

Whether by plan or pure accident, Mele recreated this inspirational scene in a Rome cafe. Brenda was staying in the Grand Hotel and Pietro arrived one night bent on taking her for a round of the Eternal City's gayer dives. The hour was late and the shapely heiress announced she'd rather retire, a motion which was seconded by one of her aging escorts, Count Vasily "Vava" Adlerberg.

Mele started a flaming argument with Vava and probably would have won, had there not been a younger man on hand, Harry Cushing, grandson of the late Reginald Vanderbilt. The pair leaped at each other's throats and the ensuing brawl ricocheted around the club until Cushing finally got in a lucky haymaker and belted poor old Pietro into the orchestra's big bass drum.

(Continued on next page)

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If all this suggests that Mele was making slow progress with Brenda, that was precisely the case. Ever since her glamorous \$25,000 "coming out" party, Brenda has been one of the few cafe society beauties with a reputation for being mighty tough to know intimately. She has picked up a nickname, the "Tomorrow Kid," and thoroughly justifies its implications. A patient and unrewarded lover once explained that this way: "Every time you take her out, you think tomorrow night she's yours for sure, but tomorrow never comes."

### The Jealousy Routine

Having tried alcohol, his knuckles and other gambits, Mele then turned to an older and usually more trustworthy dodge to make Brenda pay more attention to him. He reviewed the situation carefully with a cousin Count Dado Raspoli (a character recently absent from these shores because of his long-as-your-arm record for dope addiction). Dado recommended Mele taunt his beloved by seeming to adopt another lady and offered to loan one of his own hot numbers for this deception, Monique Van Vooren, a sleek charmer who dazzled male eyes in the Broadway hit musical "Almanac."

Monique was not only curvaceous and spicy but could also do tricks. One of her odd accomplishments, which always enlivened parties, was eating Martini glasses (all except the stems, of course).

Either this sizzling competition or Mele's "treat-'em-rough" type of behavior did something to Brenda's glands, for late in 1953 Pietro moved into her apartment and settled down to a happy, if brief, idyll. The rupture that dissolved their romance was spectacular to say the least.

According to cafe society friends, Brenda had grown increasingly annoyed over Pietro's habit of peering over candle-lit dinner tables at other lovelies. Her anger reached the blow-off point one evening last November and she let Pietro know—as Kelly was chauffeuring them home—that he wasn't getting in the house that night.

### That Poor Old Roman Nose

Mele was genuinely stung by this apparent indication that love was flying out the window and even more grieved when he was told he wouldn't be allowed upstairs to pick up his duds. He later claimed that all but one of his suits were hanging in Brenda's closets on the night of his eviction. He even offered circumstantial proof in later weeks by constantly turning up in El Morocco wearing the same old two-button gray flannel, night after night.

Mele didn't need a wardrobe immediately after that night, because he staged such a bitter farewell scene it took three Manhattan cops to get him out of Brenda's flat. Pietro sent one of the bluecoats to the hospital with a kick in the groin that kept the cop there for seven days. Pietro,

in turn, got such a working over that his fine Roman nose has never been the same.

When Brenda later astounded even her nut-cake companions with that secret visit to Mele's hospital room, there were rumors she and Pietro might patch it up. They did, in fact, show up at their old haunts for dinner and a few bouts of inspired drinking, but it was soon bicker, bicker, bicker all over again.

### She Wouldn't Testify

Brenda also nixed the last possible chance for a reconciliation, when Pietro came to trial for cop kicking. Not only did she refuse to testify in his behalf but sent a note—by way of a psychiatrist whom she's been seeing for some time—saying that having to describe even one of her nights with Mele might drive her off her rocker.

Shortly afterwards, Brenda did, indeed, crack up and checked into a hospital. Her friends said it was to recover from Mele and, since then, no one has even remotely suggested that they'll ever patch things up.

Before her collapse, Brenda was seen quite often with good old "Shipwreck," the husband she put on temporary retirement. Our gin-mill Madonna coyly refused to confirm or deny rumors that they might try housekeeping once more. To her friends, she did murmur what might be an encouraging hint.

"I grant you 'Ship' is dull," she sighed, "but, my God, he's so restful!"



## PETRILLO NAMED PEGLER SEC'Y OF LABOR

Continued from page 37

on radio programs.

Even the lonely platter turner on all-night radio programs comes under Petrillo's jurisdiction. He shackled expansion of FM radio programs and deprived listeners of many recordings of new musical productions for years. Because of him, the cost of all musical entertainment has been greatly inflated.

But Petrillo doesn't mind money and usually has plenty of it. Pegler once pointed out that the musicians in Chicago presented their union boss with a "furnished house, complete with bar, of an estimated value of \$50,000." "The Internal Revenue," wrote Pegler, "held this to be taxable

income and claimed \$26,000 as tax, interest and penalty."

One record, non-musical, which Petrillo has forgotten, sums up the early background of "Little Caesar." It is in the file of the Chicago Board of Education which shows that James Caesar Petrillo attended Dante Elementary school for nine years and never got beyond the fourth grade.

"They bounced me around," Petrillo once complained. "One year I would be in the fourth grade and the next year in the third."

"They drove me nuts. After nine years I give it up."

But the kid from the West Side had other talents. He organized a four-

piece band (non-union) and played drums in tough taverns all over Chicago. Later he joined a musicians' union, was soon elected president, and then kicked out of office. He then organized a rival union and became its head.

During the twenties, Local 10 of the American Federation of Musicians was rocked by more than hot jazz. There were bombings and shootings and Petrillo usually had five gorillas as bodyguards. Someone tossed dynamite at his home in 1924. But he breezed through it all in comparative safety.

### Dreams of a World Union

His power grew and so did his hold on Chicago politics. In 1939 Petrillo celebrated the reelection of Mayor Ed Kelly, his close friend, by renting Chicago Stadium. Among the bands that showed up — at their own expense — to take part in the celebration at Petrillo's request were Paul Whiteman, Kay Kyser, Fred Waring, Tommy Dorsey, Fletcher Henderson and a dozen others. The local orchestras of

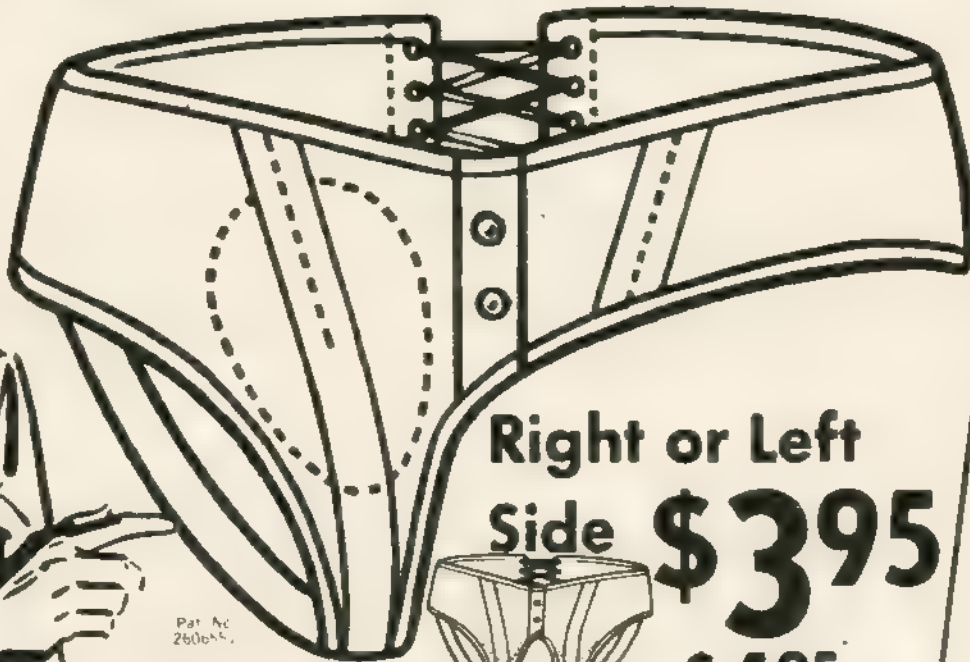
(Continued on page 62)



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Columbia, Mutual and NBC also were on hand.

But Petrillo's attack on music nation-wide didn't come until next year when he became head of the American Federation of Musicians. Then he started to roll. There is talk in labor circles that Petrillo isn't satisfied with the conquest of North America. He is now eyeing Europe and has grandiose dreams of a World Federation of Musicians.

He may never become President of the United States. He doesn't need the job. When Supreme Court Justice Earl Warren writes Petrillo a fond note as a "brother musician" and the major entertainment industries grovel at his feet, he can laugh at the job in the White House.

The other Caesar had his legions. "Them Roman bums," says Petrillo scornfully, "weren't even organized."



## GREGG SHERWOOD'S SHIFTLESS DODGE

Continued from page 41

trouble, both as a showgirl and a model for girlie magazines. She had yet, however, to acquire the fastidiousness demanded of a future bride for Horace Elvin Dodge, Jr. A photographer, who remembers her disrobing for photos that would appear in certain girlie books, remarked after learning that she would spend considerable time in Palm Beach with Dodge, "Hell, that won't be bad. She'll have a chance to get near some water." Regardless of that, though, she was one of the most sought-after-girls in New York.

### Arrears in Hubby's Accounts

The man who finally persuaded the dazzling blonde to try marriage for a second time was Walter Sherwin, who earned \$90 a week selling tickets for the New York Yankees baseball team. Perhaps he did not realize that the Wisconsin beauty had acquired expensive tastes, but he was not long in learning it. He strove so mightily and illegally to help her satisfy these tastes that one morning the Yankee auditors awoke to discover arrears in Sherwin's accounts to the extent of \$43,687.

The proceedings that resulted from this disclosure were sordid in their details. It was palpably apparent that Sherwin, who is now less than friendly with his former wife, had disbursed most of the funds to her and her family. Their divorce was not among the more amiable ones within recent memory. It may be noted, too, that public opinion was strongly on Sherwin's side. Tabloid readers took the reasonable attitude that his major fault was in having fallen hopelessly in love with a girl whose prime concerns were herself and her family.

An ill wind and so forth. In this instance, it may be said that if men who read about the case did not approve of Gregg's (a name, incidentally, she had been inspired to adopt from her memory of the shorthand system) conduct, they could discover nothing inadequate about her sex appeal. She rapidly became one of the most popular girls in the city and she was constantly in the company, not only of affluent older men, but also of the young cafe society crowd to be seen in Armando's, the Little Club, and El Borracho.

Often she was in parties that included a pudgy and stunted adolescent named Minot Jelke, whom the public was afterwards to know more chummily as Mickey. By now, of course, everybody knew her only as Gregg Sherwood and nobody, seeing her dancing in the swank El Morocco, in the arms of some South American wastrel, would think of saying, "There's Dora Fjelstad."

### Quarreled over Drinking

Then an alcohol-drenched man who frequently employed the services of a male nurse began to be seen with her. The janitor's stepdaughter appeared to be making progress with Horace Dodge, who, drunk or sober, always had money. Miss Wisconsin may not have done so well at the Atlantic City Beauty Pageant, but she seemed to be doing pretty well with the holder of one of the most respected names in the automotive industry.

Finally the two of them went abroad—after, naturally, some heated quarrels over his drinking—and one night in Cannes' plush Palm Beach Casino he gave a party for 50 guests whom he had flown in from all over



Europe at his expense. As the guests consumed 60 pounds of caviar at \$5 an ounce, it was announced that this was an engagement party for Miss Sherwood and Mr. Dodge.

Mr. Dodge was having such a whale of a time that when he got up to dance with the former sister-in-law with whom he had been accused of adultery, he found he couldn't stand up, let alone dance, without being supported by two trained nurses. It was a wonderful party and all the guests received the most wonderful gifts, especially Miss Sherwood, who was presented with a ring that is supposed to have set Dodge back \$74,000. He was too drunk, however, to know whether or not she liked it.

### Drank only Beer for a Year

So they quarreled again and this time Gregg wiggled her way haughtily and offensively out of the room and up to her quarters. Dodge is nothing if not resourceful, though. Commanding the orchestra to follow him, he posted its members outside his fiancée's room and bade them play the song "Unforgettable." Apparently the gesture had some effect upon both persons concerned, for during the ensuing year he consumed nothing but beer and Gregg seemed contented at such a show of self-control.

In August, 1952, however, Dodge

seemed his irascible old self again. After a sturdy argument with Miss Sherwood which culminated in her stomping out of his residence, he demanded that the police arrest her for absconding with \$60 worth of cigarette lighters. She replied, "I can't compete with whiskey." He must have given the notoriety attendant upon all this some thought, for it was about that time that Horace retained the services of a shrewd press agent.

It was a circumspect move, because from that point on his and his fiancée's names began to disappear from the public prints. When the couple finally decided to get married, it was the press agent who was in charge of all the arrangements. The wedding itself, which was held at *Playa Rente*, the senior Mrs. Dodge's fabulous Palm Beach estate, went off handsomely.

### How to Get into Society

Boy though he be, Dodge also is something of a man in certain traditional aspects of that definition. It will be noted that he sired children by two of his former wives, and now Gregg has presented him with a third heir, a son. The boy automatically collected a two-million-dollar trust fund.

There is evidence that Horace Elvin Dodge, Jr. would like the mother of his child to be a lady. Last fall,

Dodge approached a socialite and offered her \$20,000 if she would gain his wife entrance into Palm Beach society. There are ways of achieving such wonders and the lady was not unacquainted with them. As a matter of fact, one does not have to have \$20,000 or anything like it, the simplest method being for the girl to marry a rich man who is well-behaved as well as social.

### They Made up — Again

But the day after he retained the socialite, Dodge got incredibly drunk and a fearful brawl ensued. The next day Gregg showed up in New York and registered under another name at Hampshire House. Her first act was to phone their press agent and say, "If that ——— wants to know where I am, lie dead. I want to save the baby and another brawl like that and it's killed."

As always, the Dodges eventually made up. They were quite cozy at the New Year's Eve party they threw until they suddenly realized they had a crasher. His name was Mickey Jelke. It presented a problem: Gregg was a buddy-chum-pal back in the let's-have-a-drink-at-Armando's days.

But hell, you couldn't throw *him* out. Jelke was the only person at the party who had his name in the Social Register. ▲▲▲



## WHEN FDR EXILED GOV. EARLE TO SAMOA

Continued from page 19

of what you have done and I know that we may all look forward to your continued contribution to good citizenship."

Earle, somewhat chagrined at retirement, nevertheless thought the change to civilian status would give him the opportunity he had been waiting for—to go before the American people and tell the whole truth about our Russian "ally." A few days after FDR's "thank you" note, Earle penned one himself to Anna Boettiger, the President's daughter, and a close friend.

"Unfortunately I didn't keep a copy of it," Earle said later. "I wrote it in longhand and I had written hundreds to the President over a period of years. I wrote we had much more to fear from Russia than Germany, that the Reds had a fanatical ideology, plus manpower and resources. I said Nazi

fifth columnists did their work for pay, while the Russians enlisted millions of traitors through their ideology. And I said that the Reds and the Nazis both had concentration camps that could be described by only one word—terror. And I concluded by saying that I wanted to lay before the American people the danger of any treaty or agreement with Russia."

Earle sent the letter and went fishing. After 13 unbroken years of service to his country, Earle was tired and wanted a rest. But Mrs. Boettiger passed Earle's letter on to her famed father.

The reply came to Earle in the rain and dark on that fishing boat. On a White House letterhead, the President wrote:

"Dear George: I have read your letter of March 21st to my daughter Anna and I have noted with concern

your plan to publicize your unfavorable opinion of one of our allies at the very time when such a publication from a former emissary of mine might do irreparable harm to our war effort.

"As you say, you have held important positions of trust under your government. To publish information obtained in those positions without proper authority would be all the greater betrayal. You say you will publish unless you are told before March 28th that I do not wish you to do so. I not only do not wish it but I specifically forbid you to publish any information or opinion about an ally that you may have acquired while in office or in the service of the United States Navy.

### Earle Was Bewildered

"In view of your wish for continued active service, I shall withdraw any previous understanding that you are serving as an emissary of mine and I shall direct the Navy Department to continue your employment wherever they can make use of your services."

Earle was bewildered. First FDR had told him to retire and thanked him for his services. Now he was being put back in uniform, subject to discipline

(Continued on next page)



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if he disobeyed orders. And the order was *not* to tell the truth about Russia.

When FDR wanted things done, the usually slow wheels of bureaucracy moved with lightning speed. The next morning the Navy ordered Earle to the desolate and isolated island of Samoa, in the Pacific, where he was to serve as Assistant Governor. In Samoa, as FDR knew, a prophet's warning could be heard only by the sharks and palm trees.

## P.S. Was the Last Straw

"I wrote the President March 25th," Earle said. "I told him I couldn't understand the orders and, although I disapproved his views on Russia, he was still my Commander-in-Chief and I would obey. And I added a postscript to my letter: 'May God guide you right through this Russia mess.'"

Earle said that Steve Early, the President's secretary, told him months later that the postscript was a finishing touch. "Earle, an old friend of mine, told me that the P.S. on my letter was the last straw." With those words, Earle took another White House letter from his files. "Here's the answer," he said grimly.

It was a cryptic letter, dated March 29th, 1945. "Dear George: Your letter of March 26th has just reached me and your orders to duty in the Pacific have already been issued. As I have already changed instructions once, I think you had better go ahead and carry them out and see what you think of the Pacific war as one of our problems. With all good wishes, Sincerely, Franklin D. Roosevelt."

Earle reported for duty in San Francisco and while awaiting shipment to Samoa, word of FDR's sudden death was flashed to the world.

"I wrote James Forrestal (then Assistant Secretary of the Navy) explaining the circumstances and asked that the order be cancelled," Earle said. "Forrestal wrote back saying that it was best for all concerned that the order be carried out."

Earle spent four months on the lonely Pacific island while the Russians, aided by such American traitors as Alger Hiss, were wrecking the peace conference of the United Nations.

As Secretary-General of the UN conference in San Francisco, Hiss (later convicted as a perjurer and named as a Soviet spy during his public trial) was directing the formation of the UN. Thousands of miles away, a patriot who knew the real facts about Russia was pacing up and down the sand of Samoa.

Finally in June, 1945, Earle wrote Truman a letter setting forth the facts of his banishment. The President recalled Earle the following month. Earle visited the White House, and talked to James K. Vardaman, Jr., naval aide to Truman.

"The President has asked me to tell you," Vardaman said, "that this is the last time Samoa will be used as an American Siberia. Every time we Truman people turn over a Roosevelt stone, we find a snail under it."

Earle also talked to Vice Admiral Randall Jacobs, chief of the Navy's Personnel Bureau.

## An Apology from the Navy

"Jacobs told me," Earle relates, "Governor, I want to apologize, on behalf of the Navy, for what happened to you. The Navy had nothing to do with it. It was the personal and imperative orders of President Roosevelt."

It would be second-guessing history to say what the effect of Earle's plan of 1945 would have been. But it is logical that people would have listened to and believed a man of his stature. Perhaps public opinion would have influenced our leaders to make a determined stand against Russian policies in and out of the UN in those early days.

But Earle was muzzled in 1945. His warning was lost in the lonely echo of the Pacific surf, far away in his Samoan exile.



## CUSTOM TAILORED BOSOMS

Continued from page 15

substance inside the bust and is likened to building it up with artificial fat. The glandular construction is undisturbed by surgery. Instead of cutting into the bust, an incision is made just

under it. Then the plastic is slipped over the pectoral muscle. When the operation has been finished, new tissues gradually form over the plastic.

In layman's terms, that's all there



is to the business of making full-bosomed swans out of ugly ducklings.

As in the case of other surgical innovations, turning to the medic for a new bust first became a fad in Europe. Titled beauties of the Continent have been making a famed Vienna hospital their headquarters for such bosom repairs for at least 15 years. The late Countess Dorothy di Frasso openly admitted to having had the operation not once, but twice in her celebrated lifetime and King Carol's sultry temptress, Magda Lupescu, was also reported to have undergone an uplift not too long ago.

The word crossed the Atlantic that this newest boon to beauty had progressed far beyond the experimental stage and business boomed.

Many movie queens still stick to their falsies, of course. Almost all the glamour dolls—even full-busted Marilyn Monroe and Corinne Calvert—use padding when they wear bathing suits or strapless dresses, which tend to flatten a bustline.

Hedy Lamarr is a tiny female above the waistline. It's been a secret until now, but a double was used for the close-ups of the naked Hedy in that

fabulous film, "Ecstasy." Hedy's figure just couldn't stand that close a look. When the beautiful actress auctioned off her belongings recently, prospective buyers of her clothes found falsies still sewn into some gowns.

Pier Angeli, Audrey Hepburn and Joanne Gilbert are among the many newcomers whose curves are taken out and stored in a drawer at night.

But getting back to that doctor. His final flourish after examining me was to bring out color photographs showing the before-and-after stages. The first showed a beautiful brunette with a small front. She has a sun-tan, too, judging from the bathing suit marks on her body.

The next photo showed her after the operation. She can now stand up with Lana Turner and the best of the bosomy babes.

When that girl posed for these pictures she was an unknown. Today you'd recognize her as a new starlet at Paramount studios.

She recently got married—to a guy who probably doesn't know the luscious curves he now ones once weren't there at all.



## SAM ROTH: THE LOUSE OF LEWISBURG

Continued from page 26

World War II, Viereck was a Nazi and ended up in Roth's *alma mater*, the Lewisburg Penitentiary, because of his deals with Hitler's agents.

Another "author" published by Roth is Lyle Stuart, who once pleaded guilty to extortion and who has since attacked many religious and patriotic organizations and individuals.

In 1936, Federal Judge Grover M. Moscovitz sentenced both Roth and his wife, Pauline, to jail for dealing in obscene literature. Referring to the books sold by the pair, Judge Moscovitz said:

"Ministers may preach all the sermons they like. As long as such material is distributed and read, the value of their preaching is offset."

And the judge told Mrs. Roth: "I can't believe that you permitted your son and daughter to know what sort of books and pictures you were distributing. I cannot believe a mother would sink so low as to let her children know anything like that about their parents.

"If after your husband's release, he renews the activities which have here caused his conviction and you live with him and know about it, I'll direct execution of sentence on you." Mrs. Roth's two-year sentence was suspended for a probationary period of five years.

Despite this warning, Roth did continue his activities after release from Lewisburg in 1939 and was found guilty of violating his probation in 1941. No action was taken against Mrs. Roth.

Roth is still at work. His circulars advertise not only the Nazi's novel, but books of doubtful moral value. He also distributes a midget magazine for morons which contains such tidbits as "Japanese love in a tub of boiling water."

Postal inspectors are watching Roth's literature but the louse of Lewisburg with that long criminal record doesn't want to go back to that Lewisburg cell next to his pal, Alger Hiss.

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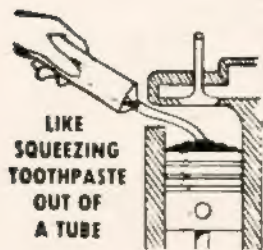
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